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TIME

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AUGUST 29, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 9

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

"There is a war going on in Chad, but getting anywhere near it is as difficult as buying a ringside seat for a title fight," reports TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief John Borrell, who has spent the past two weeks reporting on the struggle between government forces and Libyan-backed rebels. "Even getting to N'Djamena, the capital, was a challenge, reinforcing my long-held belief that covering Africa is 80% logistics and 20% reporting." Borrell was in Nigeria for its national elections when Chad began to heat up. He waited to send the election results from Lagos, then made an early-morning dash to the airport and the only flight that would get him near Chad that day. "I had to race 200 yards across the Tarmac, clutching suitcase and typewriter," he says. "The door was swinging shut as I raced up the boarding stairs." After landing in Maiduguri, in northeastern Nigeria, he hired a bush taxi for a 300-km run across northern Cameroon, much of it over a heavily rutted road. Dropped off at the Chari River on the far bank from N'Djamena, he completed his trip in a rented dugout canoe.

His pell-mell trek served to heighten his frustration at Chad's policy of keeping all reporters at a remove from the war.

PERRIN—GAMMA/LIAISON

Borrell in hired canoe on the Chari River

"The front," says Borrell, "is 500 miles from N'Djamena. But the distance is academic, since the government shows no signs of breaking with time-honored African tradition and allowing anyone near the fighting." The frustrating alternative: gleaning nuggets of fact from the Chadian Information Minister, resident diplomats and other sources, including wounded soldiers evacuated from the battlefield. As threads of information are woven together, the pattern of the war emerges. Then the challenge is getting the story out through N'Djamena's overtaxed telex facilities, and past a censor with an imperfect command of English: he initially demanded French translations of large sections of copy, leading some reporters to render their accounts of government troops in retreat as "defensive tactical maneuvers."

For Borrell, a correspondent in Africa for twelve years who joined TIME last October, testing his logistical skills and reportorial talents against vast Africa's challenges is a familiar part of the job. In the past four months, what with assignments in Tanzania, Ethiopia and the Ivory Coast, among other places, he has spent just eight days in his Nairobi office.

John a. Meyer

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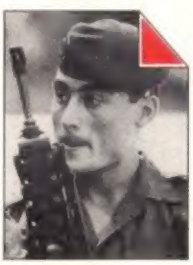

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Letters

Central America

To the Editors:

After reading your comprehensive story on our big stick approach to Central America [Aug. 8], I wondered what would happen if, the next time a poor, ill-fed and uneducated people revolted against a dictatorship, the U.S. were to support the rebels. The Russians would then have no one to aid. Would this be so terrible?

Sherman Siegel
King of Prussia, Pa.

During the Viet Nam War, the U.S. justified its bombing raids on Cambodia by arguing that Cambodia was a neutral country being used by the Viet Cong to launch attacks on South Viet Nam. Now, ironically, William Clark is afraid that Nicaragua will strike against Honduras in order to stop the U.S.-backed *contras* who are operating from there.

Farhat Biviji
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Your Essay on the need for patience in our relationship with Central America is accurate, reasonable and to the point. It makes clear why the present unilateral U.S. actions are dangerous. Our policies cannot be sustained long enough to induce the kinds of changes that are necessary in this region.

Wally Parker
Fall Creek, Ore.

Time is running out for the U.S. We must start facing up to the world's problems and seeking equitable solutions. This cannot be accomplished with men like Ronald Reagan and William Clark making decisions for us.

Richard T. Walnut
Vincentown, N.J.

By once again rolling out the big guns in Central America, the Reagan Administration has shown that it has no new ideas to offer on foreign policy.

Dean Carroll
Wellington, New Zealand

If we had had a resolute leader like Ronald Reagan in the White House at the time of the Bay of Pigs episode, we would not be in such a vulnerable position in Central America today.

John Playfair
Bristol, Tenn.

Two lessons learned in Viet Nam can be applied to Central America: we cannot hesitate, and we must be decisive. Acting quickly and firmly is the only way to show the Soviets that we are serious. President Reagan is trying to follow this course. But Congress, which wants to reduce our aid to Central America, is leading us into another Viet Nam.

Paul D. Trampe
St. Louis

When we think about Central America, we should remember Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Cuba, Southeast Asia and Afghanistan. As a 22-year-old who is planning to join the Navy, I say it is time America used the "big stick" to stop the spread of Communism.

Alan Darcy Smith
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

If we must be in Central America, let's go with a winner. We can switch our support to the guerrillas in El Salvador simply by calling them antifascist.

Harry M. Snell
Nashville

When will we Americans learn we cannot billy-club the world into submission without loss of human lives? To the Reagan Administration and its "get tough" approach in Central America, I say, "Enough!"

Jay C. Jones
Middleton, Wis.

Clark in Charge

Before reading your story on National Security Adviser William Clark, who is influencing our Central American diplomacy [Aug. 8], I was merely disgusted with the Reagan policy toward that region. After reading your report, I am scared to death.

John F. Hughes
Alexandria, Va.

After observing administrators like Richard Allen, Anne Burford, Rita Lavelle, James Watt, Edward Meese and now William Clark, I am convinced that U.S. affairs are being directed by a group of incompetents.

Roger M. Dunn
Wheaton, Ill.

There cannot be two Secretaries of State. For almost two decades the U.S. has experimented unsuccessfully with that arrangement. National Security Advisers under Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter and now Ronald Reagan all usurped duties belonging to the Secretary of State. Let us do away with the position of National Security Adviser.

William E. Sawyer
Commerce, Texas

Admittedly William Clark does not resemble any of his predecessors as National Security Adviser. Clark's honesty, selflessness and devotion to the President make him unique. I am tempted to send him a portable barbecue, hoping it will satisfy his yearning for his ranch and keep him on the job in Washington.

Roger Donlon
Carpinteria, Calif.

Anchors Aweigh

The demotion of Roger Mudd as anchorman on NBC *News* [Aug. 8] reinforces my opinion that David Brinkley, Chet Huntley, Walter Cronkite, John Chancellor and Edwin Newman would never be hired if they were starting out today. They are not pretty enough.

Edwin L. Feibelman Jr.
Walla Walla, Wash.

Among the TV news anchors at NBC, Roger Mudd was the most believable. His voice was pleasant and his enunciation perfect. Without Mudd, NBC will slip.

Jim Dumas Sr.
Chowchilla, Calif.

Your NBC sources are wrong about who was responsible for the change in format of the TV news anchor at the network. I never lobbied for a change in my arrangement with Roger Mudd on *Nightly News*. The change was initiated by NBC News management.

Tom Brokaw
New York City

The difference between Peter Jennings, Tom Brokaw and Dan Rather is that Jennings has class. The other two are Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

(Rev.) Charles F. Schreiner
Gig Harbor, Wash.

The best news in ages is that Tom Brokaw will be the sole anchor for 30 minutes on NBC *News*. Only one thing could be better, Brokaw for 60 minutes.

Carol Samuels
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Reprieve for Fido

I am delighted that the public outcry thwarted the Defense Department's plans to wound dogs by firing squads so that military doctors can learn to treat the injuries [Aug. 8]. But I mourn for the pigs, cattle, monkeys and other animals that continue to endure hell in slaughterhouses and research laboratories. When they cry out, no one listens.

Holly Sternberg
Guilderland, N.Y.

I do not understand the reasoning behind the Pentagon's decision to wound deliberately a laboratory dog and then kill the poor creature after military physicians treat the animal. The doctors who are willing to participate in such a program cannot possibly be sensitive to human suffering.

Patricia T. Edkins
Carrboro, N.C.

The complaints of dog lovers are disturbing. The only way we can simulate the reaction of trauma to the body, without actually using humans, is to experiment on animals. If doctors are not allowed to practice on these creatures, they will not become the highly skilled surgeons that people can trust.

Pablo Mendoza Jr.
San Diego

Doctors who want to learn how to treat gunshot injuries should work in the emergency room of a city hospital, where they will find a variety of wounds. Certainly military physicians do not need to shoot dogs to get this kind of experience.

Mary Tackman
Camillius, N.Y.

Will's Way

In his article summoning me to higher standards of journalistic conduct, Thomas Griffith [Aug. 8] uses a peculiar phrase. He speaks of "when word got out" that I had known that Reagan's people had Carter material. Your readers might like to know that word "got out" because I said it on network television.

Your story also says that once before my "professional conduct" was criticized. Your readers might be interested in knowing that my sin against the profession was . . . giving then President-elect Reagan a meal.

George F. Will
Chevy Chase, Md.

Aluminum and Alzheimer's

Your article on Alzheimer's disease [July 11] was timely. Congress has just begun to look seriously at this devastating illness and to determine how much money will be needed for research. Alzheimer's, which affects from 2.5 million to 4 million Americans, actually approaches epidemic proportions as our elderly population increases.

While aluminum pots may have been ruled out as the source of the unusually high concentrations of aluminum in Alzheimer's disease victims, researchers are now exploring another possible cause: that is, a link between acid rain and Alzheimer's disease. There is no question that acid rain contributes to the toxic levels of free aluminum in our environment and is detrimental to plants and wildlife. Consequently, it must be asked: Is the high aluminum concentration in the brains of Alzheimer's victims the result of the disease? Or could the illness be caused by the high levels of aluminum and other elements in the soil and drinking water that are apparently a result of acid rain?

Olympia J. Snowe, Representative
Second District, Maine
Washington, D.C.

Drive-Ins Decline

I assume the writer of "Dark Clouds over the Drive-Ins" [Aug. 8] has not been to an outdoor movie in the past few years. No parent would take his child to see the trash being shown. And no adult in his right mind would want to go either. There is too much noise, beer, drugs and blasting stereos going on around your car.

Jan Meyer
Roscoe, Ill.

Like the poodle skirt, bobby-sox and d.a. haircuts, drive-ins are a thing of the past. To try to revive them now would be like restoring Grandma's radio in place of the TV.

Marylin Jameston
Marblehead, Mass.

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Are the media giving us the facts?

1. The myth of the villainous businessman

"The great enemy of truth is very often not the lie—deliberate, contrived and dishonest—but the myth—persistent, persuasive and unrealistic."

—John F. Kennedy, 1962

How does a society create its common rituals or mythologies? Through knowledge of the past, as passed down by revered elder citizens? Through the schools? Guess again.

According to research undertaken by Dr. George Gerbner, Dean of the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania, television, more than any single institution, molds American behavioral norms and values. And the more TV we watch, Dr. Gerbner maintains, the more we tend to believe in the world according to TV, even though much of what we see is misleading.

Dr. Gerbner is not the first to speak of the mass media's power to shape our perceptions. As early as 1922, in his book *Public Opinion*, journalist Walter Lippmann advanced the idea that we live in a "pseudo-environment" determined in large part by books, newspapers, broadcasters and movies.

But the world according to today's TV fare is a particularly mean one, in the Gerbner analysis. An average of five acts of violence takes place per prime-time hour (and about 20 occur per weekend-daytime "children's" hour), and these involve more than half of all leading characters. TV's world is also overpopulated by doctors, lawyers, entertainers and athletes, and underpopulated by people gainfully employed in other legitimate private business, industry and agriculture.

In Dr. Gerbner's view, TV violence tends to "cultivate exaggerated assumptions about the extent of threat and danger in the world and lead to demands for protection." In extensive surveys of various socioeconomic groups, his research team found heavy television watchers far more insecure and mistrustful than light viewers. For example, close to two-thirds of the heavy viewers responded "Can't be too careful" to the question "Can most people be trusted?"

Other independent studies show that if TV watchers are wary, they are most wary of businessmen. Indeed, as lawyer-journalist Ben Stein observed in his 1979 book, *The View From Sunset Boulevard*, "one of the clearest messages of television is that businessmen are bad, evil people, and that big businessmen are the worst of all."

A 1980 study by the non-profit, research-oriented Media Institute confirmed Stein's assessment. It found that "two out of three businessmen on television are portrayed as foolish, greedy or criminal; almost half of all work activities performed by businessmen involves illegal acts; and...television almost never portrays business as a socially useful or economically productive activity."

Ben Stein attributes the myth of the villainous businessman to the personal proclivities of television writers and producers. It is also possible that the myth has sprung up because Hollywood has run out of other viable villains. Whatever its cause, its potential consequences are dangerous and far-reaching.

Given the tremendous impact of television on accepted patterns of behavior and beliefs, TV's myth of the villainous businessman could have a detrimental effect on people's attitudes toward their work, the workplace, the products they buy, and the people from whom they buy them. It could, in the long run, undermine the public trust in the basic exchange relationships that form the underpinnings of our free enterprise system.

To be sure, businessmen make their share of mistakes. However, business is the direct source of livelihood for millions of Americans and the indirect benefactor of many millions more. It is the producer of virtually all of the goods we as a nation consume. And if free private business is destroyed or threatened, all the institutions in society, including a free press and free mass communications network, would be threatened.

Next: The myth of the informed public

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In New York: Last Stop for the Poor

One thick-aired Thursday morning in Manhattan, Charlie Garcia picked up ten dead paupers from the morgue at Bellevue Hospital. All the dead were adults, so they were in adult pine coffins, which cost the city $32.90 each. The price includes a tar-paper lining and a handful of zinc nails with which to seal the top. The cheap wooden boxes were placed in the back of Charlie's vehicle, which is still called the body wagon, although these days the wagon is an 18-ft. Ford truck, blue and gray, license number 20898-E, with 106,892 miles on the odometer. Nearly all the miles were spent going to and from Potter's Field, the burial ground for New York City's poor, and nearly all the miles were driven by Charlie Garcia.

"See that blue van," said Charlie, lighting up a cigarette and tearing north on First Avenue. "That's what they use to get the bodies with. I used to have that job. You go in the houses, on the beach, wherever. It's an awful job. You have to straighten them out if *rigor mortis* has set in, and you put them in a bag. In this job, they're already in boxes."

A pretty blond woman in a sports car leaned out her window to ask Charlie how to get on the F.D.R. Drive, and he cheerfully gave directions, wondering whether she would have hailed him if she had known his cargo. Once, the truck broke down, and the tow truck driver the city sent got terribly upset when he learned what he was hauling. "People have a hard time when it comes to bodies," Charlie observed. "I say it's the live ones you got to worry about, not the dead ones. They don't complain about the bumpy ride. They don't complain if I get there late."

Charlie drove the bodies up the East River, which fairly boiled this summer day, then through The Bronx, past signs for truck parts and cigarettes. The landscape was unrelievedly dismal until Charlie crossed the bridge to City Island, off the flank of The Bronx in Long Island Sound. Here there were bright, scrubbed storefronts, fishermen in slickers, the air of New England, and a ferry with a happy crew. Lloyd Roberts, an engineer, remarked on Charlie's load, "These passengers are the best. They don't pay, they don't talk back, and they are all one way." Last year 2,698 such passengers took the ferry from City Island across the ⅔-mile-wide channel to Hart Island, site of Potter's Field. In the past 114 years, about 1 million bodies have made the trip.

A monument to the forgotten on Hart Island

"And he [Judas] cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, 'It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.' And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in."

—Matthew 27: 5-7

New York City has had a potter's field in one place or another since 1755. There was one where Washington Square is today; there was one where the New York Public Library now stands. Since 1869 the cemetery for the indigent has been on Hart Island, 101 acres of goldenrod, Queen Anne's lace, sumac, broom sedge, oak and willow. At one time the island was also home to a prison. In another time there was a drug rehabilitation center here. Neither is in operation any more, and the red brick buildings now resemble what one imagines would be left after the bomb. Creepers embellish low walls fashioned from mortar and smooth river rocks by some forgotten mason—an ax murderer?

The city's department of corrections has charge of the island, though, and inmates bury the dead. In most instances, it is a case of the poor burying the poor, and over the course of decades there have been many former gravediggers who were laid to rest in the very soil they had once turned. And, as is always the way here, they did not go down into the earth alone, for burial in this field is like life in New York City: crowded. One goes to the grave in a gang, ten across, three deep, 148 bodies to the plot.

The cemetery occupies but 45 acres, and yet there is no risk of exceeding capacity. "I am told at some point you can use the same space twice," says Assistant Corrections Commissioner Edward Hershey. "You know, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and all that." A department pamphlet says that point is reached after a plot has been let alone 25 years, which is "sufficient time for the complete decay of the original remains."

Letting the plots alone, however, was a local issue of some measure a year or so ago. As blithely as they would spray profanities on the side of a subway train, vandals were desecrating the graves. "In New York City," wrote New York Lawyer William J. Dean, "we need police officers to protect even the dead." What the city did, one year ago, was to put inmates on Hart Island to care for and look out for the place. Before then, the inmates had been ferried to the island for the burying, then ferried back to prison at night. Now there is a work camp at Potter's Field, and 48 prisoners live there round-the-clock. The prisoners profess a fondness for the field.

Richard McMurray, who pulled time in the field last year, and who is back this year for grand larceny and possession of stolen property ("He catches the summers here," chides a buddy. "Some people go to the Hamptons") says it is a world apart

Charlie Garcia prepares to lower coffins into a mass grave: "They don't complain"

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T-42B

American Scene

from Riker's Island. "Over there it's a diseased cesspool," says McMurray. "Am I right or wrong," he yells to a dozen fellow diggers. "Right!" they holler, then go back to shoveling dirt into the gash that holds the ten coffins that Charlie Garcia has placed in their charge. "It's one germ after another [at Riker's Island]. If you don't have anything wrong with you going in, you will coming out."

"Here," McMurray begins to boast, just as his listener begins to feel this will not be McMurray's last stay, "you got the air. You got exercise, weights. You got baseball." Down the way is a diamond lined with rotting bleachers brought from Ebbets Field after the Dodgers moved their bases west. Down another way, at water's edge, a gull fell like a thunderbolt and dive-bombed a crab. Canadian geese strolled about with proprietary postures, as if they paid property tax. Out on the sound, two swans snagged lunch for three cygnets. Then a backhoe coughed into business and covered Emily Nickert, 78, who lay atop Helen Aleon, 89, whose coffin rested upon someone else who had died without a dime

Garcia

Charlie Garcia drove his empty body wagon away. Tomorrow, Friday, he would bring up another load from the medical examiner's office in Manhattan. He does not haul bodies on weekends or on Mondays. Tuesday is the day for the poor dead of Queens and The Bronx. Wednesday is for Brooklyn. And Thursday, Garcia comes back to Bellevue. Staten Island buries its own

Garcia, like everyone else one meets in the business of disposing of this city's impoverished dead, seems rarely to have given the task a reflective thought; he might just as well be hauling pulpwood. Moreover, the mood in the morgue at Bellevue could easily be the mood on the loading dock of any plant:

"Hey, Tony, I hear your wife beat you up again last night."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Your wife."

Terrence Gallagher, who has worked in the morgue for 32 years, and is now the director, says he has never been to Potter's Field, nor has he any desire to go. "It's not my end of the job," he says, then turns to his staffing problems. "It's not that I want geniuses, but could they at least send me somebody who can read and write?"

And so the day ends. The gravediggers on Hart Island repair to a black-and-white television set to watch a rerun of *Bonanza*. Outside, in a corner of the field, last light leaves a stone on which somebody etched, "Cry not for us for we are with the Father. No longer do we cast shadows on the ground as you do. We are at peace." —*By Gregory Jaynes*

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TIME/ AUGUST 29, 1983

Coping with Nature

Texas takes a hurricane, the Midwest simmers, the West floods

It was the wettest of times, it was the driest of times. Devastating summer storms pounded places begging for relief from flooding, while the scorching sun broiled farmlands thirsting for rain. For the first time in three years, a full-blowing hurricane slammed onto the U.S. mainland, rumbling through Texas with a counterclockwise crunch of 115-m.p.h. winds. Galveston was swamped. Window panes popped from Houston's glass-and-steel towers, spewing shards over the streets below. What was hell in Texas held out some heavenly hopes for parts of the parched heartland, where the corn is withering on the stalks. But Alicia's leftover showers as it moved north were probably too late to save much of the devastated crop in what threatens to be the smallest corn harvest in a decade.

Texas residents had done little to prepare for Hurricane Alicia. It popped up without much warning in the gulf last week and gained its powerful punch just before it lunged across the barrier island where Galveston is located. Galveston Mayor E. Gus Manuel declared that only the low-lying areas need be evacuated, and scorned Governor Mark White's warnings that greater precautions should be taken. Declared the mayor: "We've heard them cry wolf before."

Some of Galveston's more hardy, or perhaps more foolhardy, residents went down to the beach as the storm approached to cast for "bull" drum, the big ocean fish that loves to feed in turbulent waters. Many homeowners hunkered down to ride out the storm. "If they're crazy enough to stay on the beach, then we're going to ask them for the names of their next of kin," said one frustrated police officer. Cornelia Ruff, 70, a retired secretary, said she was staying "to protect my property." Her home, built in 1894, has withstood all the storms since, including the unnamed but unforgettable 1900 hurricane that killed 6,000 people in Galveston. Ann Ferguson, 40, a Galveston museum director, remarked on the curious effects of an impending hurricane. "Everyone is in extremely good humor," she said. "The storm brings out the best in people."

But as Wednesday wore on, and the storm's winds accelerated, the mood grew more serious. Windows in the imposing Hotel Galvez, facing the gulf, began imploding into rooms, sending many of the 300 guests scurrying into the hallways. Then an entire wall of the 1911 building collapsed. "We just heard one crash after another," said Hotel Manager Dan Dick. After midnight, Mayor Manuel finally ordered a widespread evacuation, but by that time it was impossible for people to drive across the bridges leading to the mainland. Hundreds headed instead for the three Red Cross shelters. Said Cora Handy, 73, as she walked with the help of her cane through a shelter at a local school: "I just couldn't see that I could stay in my house, so I left. I was still trembling when I got here."

Particularly hard hit were the luxury condominiums built during the past few years; Alicia ripped many of them apart. The storm was kinder to the older homes near the center of town. Ann and Richard Ferguson lost a tree and the railing to their front steps. Cornelia Ruff's home survived intact.

Alicia, however, was not yet spent. By Thursday morning the storm had rolled 45 miles inland to Houston. Over the past ten years, the city's skyline has been

Alicia whipped through Houston, bursting windows in the InterFirst and Allied Bank buildings

transformed by glass-sheathed showpieces, like the S-shaped Allied Bank building. With rapid-fire pops, wind and flying debris punched out scores of windows in these architectural landmarks. "I stood upstairs in my office this morning and watched large sheets of plate glass coming down from 30 stories high," said Civil Defense Administrator Jonell Toole.

The Hyatt Regency Hotel proved particularly vulnerable. A twister, one of a score that gusted up during Alicia's onslaught, blew open the cavernous 30-story atrium, allowing water and wind to swirl inside. The hotel and its seven restaurants were brimming with 1,000 guests, many of them refugees from the hurricane. As some 80 windows shattered, guests were moved into the ballroom, where the hotel provided blankets and baskets of free food. Some 20,000 other evacuees were given sanctuary in 83 Red Cross shelters in the area.

With the eye of the storm traversing two cities, property damage was high. Some estimates put it near $1 billion, far less than the $2.3 billion caused by Hurricane Frederic four years ago in Alabama and Mississippi, but still one of the most costly storms ever. At least 13 people were killed, including two who were crushed in cars by flying trees.

But, as always, there were uplifting vignettes. As Alicia bore down on Houston during the predawn hours of Thursday, Surgeon Denton Cooley, who had finally been able to find a suitable heart donor for a 48-year-old patient, performed a successful transplant. At St. Mary's Hospital in Galveston, the wife of a Coast Guard yeoman seaman gave birth to a baby girl. She was named (what else?) Alicia.

As the remnants of the storm crept north from Texas over the weekend, containing little force but plenty of leftover moisture, they brought the first sustained rains on Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska since the beginning of July. Any rain, however, was likely to be too late to save much of the harvest in the Midwest. In Dewitt County, Ill., Lester Thorpe went out into his fields of brown stalks and plowed under his 1,100 acres of corn last week. "There's not enough here for seed or to cover the cost of harvesting," he said with a sigh. "Best just to dig it up and forget it."

Agriculture Secretary John Block is considering declaring certain areas in the Midwest "agriculture disaster areas," which would free up emergency federal funds. Block had a chance to see the situation for himself this past weekend when he visited his own corn and soybean farm in northwestern Illinois. Says Jim Swise, who helps run Block's farm: "Some of this corn is brown all the way up to the tassel. Corn just doesn't pollinate when it's 100°. Some of it didn't even put out an ear shoot."

The 1 billion bu. of corn that are expected to be lost to the drought are in addition to the 2.2 billion bu. not planted as part of the Government's payment-in-kind (PIK) program, which provides subsidies to farmers for keeping their fields fallow. Analysts estimate that the corn yield will be down by 25%, or $4.5 billion worth. In the short term this may mean lower prices for meat as ranchers rush their herds to slaughter rather than continuing to fatten them. But in the long run it could mean significantly higher prices for both meat and grain.

Sustained rains so desperately needed in the corn belt were causing havoc in the deserts of Southern California, Nevada and Arizona. Nine Italian tourists and their pilot were killed when a small plane crashed in a thunderstorm near the Grand Canyon. Four other people were killed in accidents related to the freak August cloudbursts in the Southwest. Among them were two motorists who were caught in flash floods that swept through San Bernardino, 65 miles east of Los Angeles. Four inches of rain fell in four hours in the desert area.

Meteorologists, who subscribe to the faith that no weather is truly inexplicable, said that the drought in the Midwest has been caused by a particularly stubborn high-pressure system stuck over the center of the country. The system has been pulling rain-bearing winds from the Gulf of Mexico to Southern California and Nevada. Alicia was caused by a cooler front slanting down from Canada along the East Coast. As its leading edge crashed into the hot air over the gulf, a storm was born that soon grew into a hurricane.

Having poked the eyes of Texas, the destructive Alicia now has a chance to do a good turn or two. Not only is she bringing rain to the dry fields of the Midwest, she is also edging the brutish high-pressure system eastward. That could cause a lot of raised temperatures this week on the East Coast, but it might salvage some of the harvest in the Midwest and allow Southern California and Nevada to dry out. For a nation coping with a most cantankerous and confounding summer, such a shift would be welcome indeed. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Geoffrey Leavenworth/Galveston*

A Galveston beach house razed by the winds: damage estimates run as high as $1 billion

On the beach: a boat loses its mooring

No parking: an uprooted palm squashes a car

Three Steps Forward, Two Back

A balance sheet on Reagan's efforts to deregulate America

Ronald Reagan's main assault in his war against Big Government is over, and his Administration has proclaimed itself the victor. After working for 30 months, the President's Task Force on Regulatory Relief has closed up shop with the declaration by its chairman, Vice President George Bush, that it has snipped enough bureaucratic red tape to save U.S. businesses and consumers $150 billion over the next ten years. Said Bush: "These savings will continue to make an important contribution to the economic recovery now under way, without jeopardizing the environment, job or consumer safety, or other regulatory goals."

But an array of consumer advocates, environmentalists and public interest groups contend that such savings are illusory and that the cost of a relaxed federal vigil in health and safety has not been accurately computed. By their reckoning, the American public has come out a loser. "Health and safety laws were passed by Congress to save lives and reduce injuries," declares Joan Claybrook, director of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) under President Carter. "The Reagan Administration is doing just the opposite."

The reality lies somewhere between the conflicting claims. Because changes in federal regulations can affect so many people, often indirectly and sometimes years later, their economic impact is difficult to measure. The social impact is even harder to quantify, since it involves such concerns as health and quality of life. All that is certain is that the debate will grow hotter as next year's elections draw closer.

Indeed, the Administration has already pulled back from some of its more controversial efforts to rescind what it considers needless rules and regulations.

There is no dispute over the desirability of eliminating federal rules that do not achieve their intended purpose or cost far more to follow than their benefits are worth. The *Federal Register*, which publishes all official drafts of proposed regulations, ran on for 82,012 pages the year before the Bush task force went to work. The commission led the drive to cut that mountain of pages to 58,494. The Administration revoked or revised about 100 burdensome rules and, more significant, slowed the growth in proposed new regulations by one-third from the last 30 months of the Carter Administration. The result, claims the task force report, is that 300 million hours of paperwork have been saved over the past two years.

That achievement is impressive. Still, even the task force's prize examples of cost-cutting are likely to have some negative as well as beneficial results. By requiring that bumpers on new cars be able to withstand a collision at 2.5 m.p.h. instead of the present 5 m.p.h., for example, the commission expects to save auto companies and car buyers $300 million a year. But insurance claims and premiums may increase beyond those estimated by the Government. By killing a proposed Carter Administration rule requiring pharmacists to insert warnings about the side effects of prescription drugs, the Administration expects to save consumers up to $100 million a year. But critics claim that buyers with special health problems could become seriously ill as a consequence.

In its laudable attempt to check the intrusiveness of Government, the Administration has occasionally stretched the limits of prudence and propriety. Reagan has slashed the budgets of regulatory and enforcement agencies, placed officials unsympathetic to vigorous enforcement in charge of the agencies, and given his Office of Management and Budget a virtual veto power over rules proposed by the Government's departments and agencies. These moves have eased the pressure on industry to conform to regulations that the Administration has been unwilling or unable to change through legislation or Executive action.

Critics charge that the result has been non-enforcement of existing laws rather than much needed and lasting reform of the regulatory system. "The Administration has taken the lazy and sloppy way out," contends Democratic Congressman Albert Gore Jr. "They just decided not to enforce the law. This sets up a conflict between those who would obey the law and those who would violate it, and gives the advantage to the violators." Contends Fred Wertheimer, president of Common Cause: "Basically, the Administration is saying, 'Don't worry about the statutes on the books; just go about your business.' That's a lousy way to govern."

Examples of budget cuts hindering enforcement are numerous. When Congress blocked attempts by the Health and Human Services Department to lower nutritional and health standards in nursing homes, and later to make inspections less frequently, the Administration simply cut the funds for such inspections nearly in half, from $27.6 million to $13.6 million. Until the Environmental Protection Agency's coziness with toxic-waste polluters became a scandal, funding for enforcement of waste regulations had been slashed from $11.4 million to $2.3 million and enforcement personnel cut from 311 to 75. When the Agriculture Department could not convince Congress that meat and poultry inspections could be reduced, it ordered inspectors, in effect, to work harder for the same pay. Where chickens used to whiz past inspectors at 70 a minute, the line has been speeded up to as many as 105 a minute, prompting inspectors to take caffeine pills and complain about "hypnosis" from the blur of birds.

Interior Secretary James Watt, who once headed a private Colorado group fighting federal restrictions on oil exploration in the West, is only the best known of Reagan's "fox in the chicken coop" administrators. Before he was named head of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, Thorne Auchter served as spokesman for a construction company owned by his family that had been cited 48 times by OSHA for safety violations. Two lobbies that have fought hard against meat inspections now have former executives high in the Agriculture Department: Assistant Secretary C.W. McMillan of the National Cattlemen's Association and Deputy Secretary Richard Lyng of the American Meat Institute.

Critics of the Administration, and even some officials in the regulatory agencies, complain that OMB has become a back channel for special interests trying to get relief from proposed or existing regulations. OMB was empowered by Reagan to apply a "cost-benefit" analysis to all federal rules. It has reviewed 119 regulations already on the books, killing or revising 76 of them and proposing changes in 27 more. Of 6,700 proposed new rules, it has revised or rejected about one in nine. Its review process can take months or years, effectively putting a brake on good as well as unnecessary changes.

OSHA, which has been criticized for failing to set a standard of maximum dust concentrations in grain elevators to avoid spontaneous explosions, blames OMB for the delay. In fact, all but three of 22 new safety rules proposed by OSHA have been blocked by the budget agency. "OMB has no technical knowledge," contends Thomas Seymour, OSHA's deputy director of safety standards. "They get their slant from contacts in industry."

In the view of advocates of regulatory reform, including both liberals and conservatives, the Administration mistook the public's disgust with red tape for hostility to all forms of Government regulation. Polls show that most Americans favor deregulation of industry, especially if it encourages competition. (For example, the Administration's deregulation in such economic areas as banking, bus transportation and telecommunications has provoked relatively little controversy.) But a Harris survey this year showed that 88% of Americans prefer even more stringent standards on clean air, and 91% either favor existing regulations on safety in workplaces or want those regulations made tougher. Failure to make the distinction between rules involving economic competition and those affecting health and safety, contends George Eads, an adviser on regulations to Presidents Ford and Carter, has "created a backlash" against deregulation that has ruined chances for real reform.

Much of the backlash was directed at the EPA, where more than a dozen top Reagan appointees have been replaced, chiefly because of evidence that they were too receptive to the pleas of industries that may have been violating EPA regulations. The uproar over EPA prevented the Administration from pushing legislation through Congress that would have softened the Clean Air and Clean Water acts, which have technically expired but remain in effect until Congress acts either to kill or to renew them. Both are now likely to be strengthened.

The EPA's new administrator, William Ruckelshaus, has ordered that waste dumps be cleaned up first and the costs assessed against polluters later, reversing his predecessor's practice of delaying cleanup until EPA could work out a deal with the offending companies. He has asked for 1,100 new employees and a budget increase of $265 million; Congress added an extra $30 million.

While the EPA mess has been in the spotlight, the struggle over regulations and their enforcement has been just as fierce in three other agencies:

OSHA. Candidate Reagan loved to regale audiences with tales of the agency's absurdities, such as its instructions on how to climb a ladder ("Begin by facing the ladder"). President Reagan has backed away from his goal of dismantling OSHA, but he has checked its zeal. "They've succeeded in gutting enforcement," charges Peg Seminario, associate director of health and safety for the AFL-CIO. Between 1980 and 1982, OSHA reduced its workplace inspections by 17%, follow-up inspections by 87%, citations for willful violations by 91% and penalties by 78%.

Auchter insists that his agency's job "is not to issue fines; it's to reduce injury and illness." He concedes that there may be fewer inspections but explains that his inspectors are concentrating on those companies with bad safety records. Overall, Auchter insists, OSHA is achieving "more with less." Indeed, workplace injury and illness rates are down slightly under the Reagan Administration, though critics attribute the decline to high joblessness during the recession.

Some career employees at OSHA pay Auchter a backhanded compliment, saying that without him the agency would have fared "substantially worse" under Reagan. A critic, Democratic Congressman David Obey, member of a subcommittee dealing with health, admits that OSHA has "shown surface movement in the past three months," but contends that it is only because "Auchter doesn't want to wind up in the same boat as EPA."

THE WHITE HOUSE

Bush with Counsel C. Boyden Gray, William French Smith and Ray Donovan

Highway Safety. The President's task force overturned 17 standards set by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration because they were burdens on the auto industry. The Administration pegged the saving to consumers at up to $50 a car. But the consumer-oriented Center for Auto Safety contends that one of the scuttled rules—a requirement that new cars have a dashboard gauge warning drivers of low tire pressure—would have saved at least $300 in better gas mileage from properly inflated tires. Claybrook, who has now resumed duties as an aide to Ralph Nader, charges that "NHTSA has become a wholly owned subsidiary of Detroit manufacturers."

In 1981, the NHTSA rescinded a Carter Administration rule requiring Detroit to install either automatic seat belts or air bags on all 1984 model cars. The Reagan Administration had argued that motorists would detach the automatic belts, rendering the rule ineffective. The U.S. Supreme Court found this reasoning capricious, possibly because it did not apply to the air-bag option, and NHTSA is now groping for a better reason to oppose the rule.

The highway agency has lost 30% of

its employees and sustained a 25% budget cut under Reagan. For two years, NHTSA did little about repeated complaints that the brakes on more than 1 million X-cars made by General Motors tended to lock, especially on wet roads, resulting in the deaths of at least 15 people in skidding accidents. But now NHTSA has suddenly reversed course. It ordered the recall of 240,000 X-cars last spring, and this month it filed a lawsuit against GM demanding the recall of 1.1 million 1980 X-cars and charging that GM had lied to the agency. The suit seeks a $4 million fine.

The turnabout is attributed to several factors: the agency's director Raymond Peck departed; a new and aggressive Transportation Secretary, Elizabeth Dole, took office last February; and the 1984 election is approaching.

Food and Drugs. The Food and Drug Administration has long been considered overly cautious about approving new drugs, even when doctors, drug manufacturers and patients were urging fast action. The Reagan Administration set out to make the FDA move faster. Now some critics charge that the FDA has become a tool of the drug industry. They cite the FDA's approval in 1982 of Oraflex, an arthritis pain reliever, despite evidence that its side effects might be highly toxic. In the first three weeks, 64,000 U.S. prescriptions were written. But after 61 deaths in Britain had been linked to the drug, the manufacturer withdrew the product. Critics also note that the FDA's relaxation of rules allowed a defective batch of Nursoy, an infant formula, to reach the market. The cans were lacking a vitamin essential for safeguarding babies from convulsive seizures. The drug company recalled 50,000 cans.

But by and large, the Administration's efforts to loosen up the FDA have been foiled by career bureaucrats adhering to the agency's established habits of testing and enforcement. Says Peter Hutt, a former FDA general counsel: "It's simplistic to think that a President or an Administration can turn around an agency when you're dealing with one with a history and tradition like FDA. You can't change that easily, which is both a great weakness and a great strength."

By trying too often to abdicate rather than carefully define its regulatory role, the Administration has given deregulation a bad name. That is unfortunate, because the thicket of Government regulation does indeed need thinning. Even pro-regulation activists concede that there are many outdated or overly stringent rules on the books. But the Reagan Administration's uneven approach has made regulatory reform a political danger zone, to be avoided at least until after the 1984 elections. Concedes a senior White House aide: "Deregulation doesn't have the same priority for us it used to have. The political dividends aren't very high." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Silence as a Political Weapon

Throughout history the virtues of selected silence have been noted with noisy regularity ("He who knows nothing else knows enough if he knows when to be silent," goes an Italian proverb). Yet the practitioners of that wisdom have been few in American politics. The blabbermouths have been ascendant.

Last week George Gallup announced that his polls showed that Ronald Reagan had pulled ahead of Democratic Contender Walter Mondale and was edging up on John Glenn. They have for months been describing their heartache for the Oval Office. Reagan has not made any public commitment to run again and apparently has not told a single friend he will definitely seek a second term. Presumably he has confided in Nancy, but some friends wonder. An ancient Persian put it well: "Speech sows, silence reaps."

Whatever else, Reagan's self-control is phenomenal. One solid word to any of those "confidants" and the leak would begin, the mystique would vanish. The press and public would go back to cataloguing all the dumb things he says about Nicaragua. As of now, the largest political story of the summer is still will he or won't he run. The White House gets the question a dozen or more times a day, sometimes at the strangest moments. Recently Mrs. Reagan held a press conference on her Foster Grandparent program. Other subjects were ruled out. Reporters could not contain themselves. At the end, one blurted, "Is the President going to run?" Mrs. Reagan, a shrewd practitioner of silence herself, chuckled and replied sweetly, "Wait and see." What a delicious political dilemma it is. Each day a new intrigue.

ROGER SANDLER—PICTURE GROUP

The stage manager letting the drama build

Elaborate theories abound. Reagan will quit because he is ahead. Reagan will run because he is ahead. Mrs. Reagan looks unhappy so they will go back to California. Mrs. Reagan looks happy so they will go back to California. Reagan is not a quitter. Reagan can be happy anywhere doing anything and will quit. Talk shows turn relentlessly to these fantasies. Dinner parties go through three courses talking nothing except Reagan's mind.

Reagan probably knows full well what he wants to do, but he has the stage director's savvy to let the drama build and the political wisdom to keep that last option open should the world turn sour. He had a teacher, Franklin Roosevelt. For three years F.D.R. built up the idea of a third term with his silence. He may have confided in Eleanor, but probably not until the end of that time, according to his former administrative assistant James Rowe. When asked about his plans, Roosevelt never gave a direct answer. Rowe and others were too awed by him to press for a commitment. Political decisions, which Rowe handled, were done with option memos sent in for a presidential review. It was all marvelously vague. The suspense kept up from 1938 into 1940.

One reason that Reagan has done so well with his secret is that he is not fascinated by the intricacies of politics. Unlike Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, he is bored discussing fund raising, precinct captains and bumper stickers. Reagan does his star turn. Others run the campaigns.

Reagan does not leave a trail of hard political clues. Oddly, one of the biggest talkers of all time, Lyndon Johnson, once kept a big secret by leaking too often. L.B.J. loved power so much, complained about critics so loudly, lied so splendidly so often that nobody believed him when he said he planned to give up the job. He did. If Reagan ever sent that signal, a posse of Republicans would take him at his word and start their presidential campaigns at once.

Senator Paul Laxalt is general chairman of the Republican Party, a thin disguise for assembling Reagan's re-election machinery. Laxalt was asked if the President had given him firm word. Nope, confessed Laxalt, he had acted because of "the look in the President's eye." Analyzing presidential eyes could keep the guessing game going until Thanksgiving.

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"Say Hi to Mick Jagger"

After a diplomatic showdown, a Soviet youth chooses to go home

The pale, slender young man speaking with reporters in Washington last week could scarcely have appeared more American. He was dressed in blue jeans and Nike sneakers, with a pair of aviator-style sunglasses dangling from the V neck of an open polo shirt, and his longish blond hair was tousled and curly. But the Russian accent was unmistakable, even as he began speaking in colloquial English: "The thing that I want to say is that I don't want to stay here." In another second came the more formal, doubtless well-rehearsed appeal: "I ask the American authorities to leave me alone, and let me go home."

The Berezhkovs departing

Thus ended the strange saga of Andrei Berezhkov, the 16-year-old son of a Soviet diplomat, whose brief disappearance for a nocturnal spin in his family's car had escalated from a police-blotter item to a diplomatic showdown between the superpowers. The reason: though he returned home under his own power ten hours later, both President Reagan and the New York *Times* had that day received letters, purportedly from him, requesting asylum. Kept hidden away by the Soviets for more than a week while they and U.S. officials sparred over how to handle the matter, Andrei finally appeared at two small, hastily arranged news conferences, one at the Soviet embassy and one on American soil at Dulles International Airport. Minutes later, with a pair of U.S. Assistant Secretaries of State on hand to act on any last-minute change of heart, Andrei and his parents boarded a commercial jet en route to Moscow. Andrei's parting words: "Say hi to Mick Jagger."

Andrei repeatedly denied having written any letters requesting asylum. He noted that the letter to the *Times* did not even have his name right. Added his father, Valentin Berezhkov, a first secretary in the U.S.S.R.'s Washington embassy: "You can agree with me that a 16-year-old boy knows how to spell his name."

The elder Berezhkov charged that the State Department's demand to question Andrei privately, in an effort to establish firsthand whether he wanted to defect, was "an attempt to use our boy as a pawn in a new anti-Soviet gambit." Reagan Administration officials acknowledge privately that they were not averse to letting the Soviets suffer a bit of embarrassment over the incident. They also admit that any attempt to prevent Andrei's departure would have been legally dubious, since he was both a minor in the custody of his parents and held a diplomatic-status visa, which prohibits "any form" of detention. Nevertheless, they felt morally obliged, as one put it, to find out "what was really in his mind." One reason: according to a senior presidential adviser, the FBI told the White House that there was a 95% probability that the letters were genuine.

State Department officials ordered a psychological profile on Andrei, based on school records and interviews with Americans who knew him. The resulting picture was of a typically confused teen: diffident, preoccupied with rock 'n' roll, "a little screwed up." But the youth was not known to harbor strong political views of any hue.

Next, U.S. officials began suggesting various locations for the interview: the State Department itself, the international airport, some neutral spot in Washington. Says a U.S. negotiator: "The key question was who would control the environment." Predictably, the Soviets countered with an offer to hold the interview in their embassy compound. It was promptly declined.

On Wednesday, Soviet diplomats threatened to move unilaterally. Chargé Oleg Sokolov telephoned Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt to announce that he was scheduling a press conference that afternoon, after which Andrei would depart Washington. As a "big concession from Moscow," he added, Burt could attend. The U.S. diplomat replied that the plan was "totally unacceptable" and promised to denounce it in advance at the State Department's noon press briefing. Sokolov replied that he had already notified the U.S. press of his plans. "There was the potential for an ugly confrontation," recalled one U.S. official. "We were fully prepared not to let the kid go."

In fact, Sokolov had never notified U.S. reporters and had been bluffing all along. Later that day, the Soviets gave more ground. If they went ahead and held their press conference on Thursday, said a Soviet representative, and then took the Berezhkovs to the airport, perhaps the family might encounter some of the U.S. press there, as well. Burt took that as a signal that the Soviets were ready to compromise and on his own arranged a way to spend some time with Andrei.

That secret meeting, which lasted 40 minutes, took place on the mobile lounge that carried the Berezhkov entourage to the waiting TWA L-1011 jetliner. During an unscheduled "delay" on the trip across the tarmac, the vehicle was ringed by six State Department security agents, who were prepared to take custody of Andrei if he indicated any desire to stay in the U.S. Burt did not quiz the youth directly about politics, since Chargé Sokolov was also on board; they talked about ordinary matters, such as school and the youth's musical interests. But, says one official familiar with what Andrei said, "he had his chance. He could have given us a sign. We were clearly in control. But he didn't."

Less than 24 hours later, after a transit stop in Paris, Andrei arrived back on Soviet soil and was surrounded by members of yet another international press corps. He said his plans were to return to school and possibly study to become an actor. If so, he would surely bring to class some firsthand knowledge of how it feels to be cast in a starring role. —*By William R. Doerner. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington*

The end of a strange saga: Andrei and Valentin awaiting takeoff at Dulles

Truth Tests

Officials may take polygraphs

The prospect of FBI agents giving lie-detector tests to the CIA director and the White House chief of staff is the stuff of political potboilers. Yet that may be the latest twist in the slithering story of the purloined papers from Jimmy Carter's White House that turned up in the hands of Ronald Reagan's campaign aides. FBI investigators working on the case have suggested that conflicting statements by top Administration officials be resolved by having them roll up their sleeves and submit to polygraphs.

The most glaring contradiction now known is between CIA Director William Casey and Chief of Staff James Baker. Baker wrote to a congressional committee in June that Carter's strategy book for the debate with Reagan had been passed to him by Casey, who was then Reagan's campaign chairman. "It is my best recollection that I was given the book by William Casey, with the suggestion that it might be of use," his letter said. Casey, on the other hand, wrote to the committee that "I have no recollection that I ever received, heard of, or learned in any way of a set of papers which laid out the Carter debate plan." He told the New York *Times* that "I wouldn't touch [such material] with a ten-foot pole."

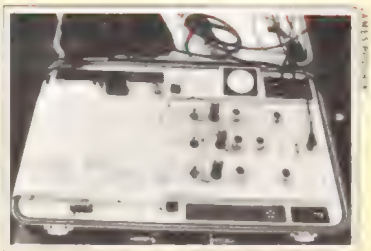
FBI officials have proposed to the Justice Department that as many as a dozen Reagan aides be given lie-detector tests. To the Administration's chagrin, the FBI request was leaked to the Washington *Post* last week. This left the White House with a no-win publicity problem. A parade of officials strapping on polygraphs would be a demeaning spectacle, both to voters at home and friends abroad. Any aides that balk, however, would appear to be hiding something. And should the Justice Department now turn down the FBI request and refuse to order the tests, it would smell of cover-up.

Baker, realizing early on that polygraphs were a possibility, asked White House Counsel Fred Fielding to determine if there are any legal obstacles to their use on senior staff members. Fielding concluded that there were none. Baker subsequently made it clear last week, by letting the word leak out through associates, that he was willing, even eager, to undergo the test. He has already been interviewed by the FBI twice, most recently for 90 minutes in his West Wing office two weeks ago. Baker is understood to have given the FBI his full recollection of the time and place that Casey supposedly handed him the campaign documents. Baker insists that his memory of the occasion, which would have been shortly before the October 1980 debate, is unambiguous. Casey has just as steadfastly stuck by his denials during his two interviews with FBI agents. The bureau is also looking into the roles played in the affair by Budget Director David Stockman and White House Aides Edwin Meese and David Gergen.

The FBI has questioned President Reagan about the papers too. During an hourlong session in the living quarters of the White House two weeks ago, Reagan reportedly reiterated to agents that he knew nothing of the Carter documents until the press reported their existence last June.

Reagan, who at first pooh-poohed the affair, has now admonished those in his Administration to cooperate fully in the investigation. In the past, he has favored the use of lie-detector tests to help track down leaks of information from the FBI, CIA and other Government agencies. Polygraphs are used routinely in the CIA to ferret out security risks; the FBI often resorts to the lie box when probing internal misconduct. Such widespread acceptance of the technique may make it doubly difficult for Attorney General William French Smith to rule out its use on high Administration officials. ■

Baker, who says he got the papers from Casey



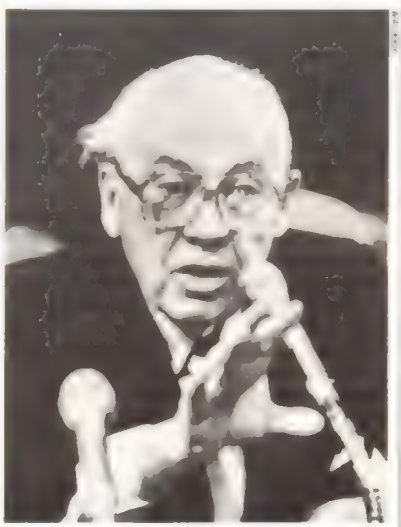
More effective than Diogenes' lantern?

Wired Up

If top Administration officials take lie-detector tests, they will undergo an experience familiar to accused criminals, suspected leakers and candidates for sensitive jobs both inside and outside Government. The subject is hooked up to the machine with rubber belts placed across the stomach and chest, electrodes attached to the fingertips and a blood-pressure cuff wrapped around the arm. The sensors measure pulse rate, blood pressure, breathing and perspiration as the subject answers a series of yes-or-no questions. Explains Sergeant Michael McFadden of the Washington police department: "There's always a fear attached when somebody lies, and that causes a physical reaction that can be read."

Professional polygraphers say their tests are reliable in more than 90% of the cases if interpreted by a competent examiner. But University of Minnesota Professor David Lykken, author of *A Tremor in the Blood*, says the tests are accurate only two-thirds of the time and are far more likely to be unreliable for a subject who is telling the truth. "They have no more place in the courts or in business than a psychic or tarot cards," he says. Congress has ordered the Office of Technology Assessment to make a study of polygraph reliability and has placed a moratorium on the use of lie detectors by the Defense Department until the study is completed. Polygraph tests are generally not admissible as evidence in federal courts or in the courts of 25 states.

To civil libertarians, questions about the polygraph's accuracy are almost beside the point. Asking a person to prove his or her innocence to a machine, they feel, is inherently demeaning. Says Fred Okrand, legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union in Southern California: "Lie detectors are an affront to human dignity." Recalls a Government official ordered to submit to a polygraph during the Abscam investigation of congressional bribes and shown to be telling the truth: "It was the most humiliating experience of my entire Government career."



Casey, who says he does not recall material

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WHY FOOL AROUND WITH ANYONE ELSE?

Delaying Justice for 33 Years

How "the Butcher of Lyon" got secret U.S. help and protection

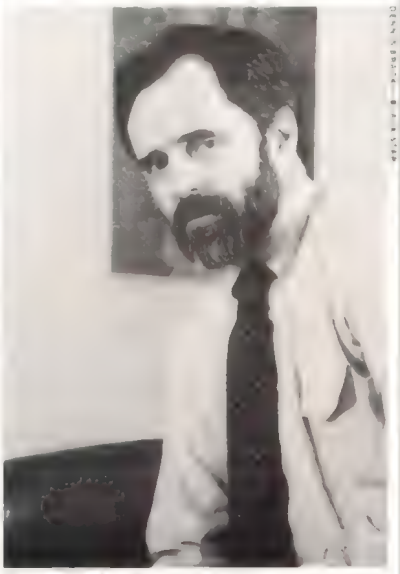
When the first accusations were made last winter that the U.S. Government had employed and protected Lyon Gestapo Commander Klaus Barbie, Allan A. Ryan Jr. began checking into Army records. As head of the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations, which tracks down Nazi war criminals, Ryan was accustomed to false leads and painstaking detective work. This time, however, the chief U.S. Nazi hunter quickly recognized the shameful secret buried in the sheaf of memos. "After a few minutes with those files," he recalls, "it was obvious the charges were serious."

To Attorney General William French Smith, Ryan proposed a full-scale probe into the U.S. ties to Barbie, "the Butcher of Lyon" accused of the execution of 4,000 people and the deportation of 7,000 Jews living in France to concentration camps during the German occupation. The remarkable 218-page report of Ryan's five-month investigation, involving 200 interviews around the world, was released last week: it confirms that the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) hired Barbie as a spy in Germany after World War II and for four years hid him from the French, who were eager to prosecute him. In 1951 his Army protectors helped Barbie escape to Bolivia, where he prospered and traveled as a free man until last February, when a new Bolivian regime turned him over to France. Ryan's report concluded that the Army was guilty of an "obstruction of justice and an unlawful act." Said Ryan: "Justice delayed is justice denied. We have delayed justice in Lyon for 33 years."

Along with a copy of the report, the State Department sent a formal note to the French embassy in Washington two weeks ago, expressing "deep regrets" over the U.S. role. In France, where Barbie, 69, awaits trial in a Lyon jail, the official reaction was brusque. "Although frank, the U.S. report leads one to deplore the practices that allowed the Nazi criminal to avoid justice for a long time," said Max Gallo, a spokesman for President François Mitterrand.

According to Ryan's report, the Army's use of Barbie began in the confusing aftermath of the war, as American attention shifted from defeating the fascist foe to a more subtle ideological battleground. While the CIA was in the process of being established, the Army was faced with the daunting task of assembling an effective ring of European informants to spy on Germany as well as on the Soviets and the other occupying powers. For help, the Army turned to veterans of Hitler's police and intelligence services, like Barbie, whom the CIC placed in a safe house in Augsburg in Bavaria. Barbie then set up a valuable network of informers who infiltrated Soviet and French intelligence operations and the German Communist Party.

Barbie had in fact been more than just another Nazi: he was the Butcher of Lyon, the Gestapo barbarian who had used acetylene torches on prisoners' feet to get them to talk. France was desperately trying to find him. As the issue roiled, the Army intelligence unit at Stuttgart held a meeting on May 4, 1950, and there, Ryan says, made "a calculated and indefensible decision" to continue to use Barbie but to conceal that fact from its superiors. Thus the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, John J. McCloy, reported back to the French that the Army did not know Barbie's whereabouts.



Ryan: tracking ties to a Gestapo leader

Barbie: a spy ring, a cover-up, an escape

"A calculated and indefensible decision."

Ryan says that the half a dozen CIC officers involved in the cover-up rationalized their decision by saying that if Barbie were arrested, he would compromise American counterintelligence. As the cries for Barbie's scalp grew more insistent, the Army plotted his escape. They used an underground channel called the rat line, operated by a shadowy Croatian priest named Father Krunoslav Draganovich. The priest helped dissident Croatians to flee and, for exorbitant fees, procured International Red Cross passports and South American visas for Soviet defectors and endangered U.S. Army intelligence sources.

Barbie, traveling on a passport identifying him as "Klaus Altmann," left Genoa, Italy, in March 1951 with his wife and two children on a ship bound for South America. From then on, the report said, the U.S. had no official contact with the ex-Nazi. Says Ryan: "They just kissed him on the cheek and said goodbye."

Remarkably, the Army twice debated reactivating Barbie in the mid-1960s as part of a new intelligence operation it wanted to set up in South America. But so emphatic were the objections of the CIA that the Army dropped the idea. Barbie visited the U.S. on business twice, in 1969 and 1970. As an executive with a state-owned shipping company, he held a Bolivian diplomatic passport. That in turn entitled him to a visa from the U.S. embassy in La Paz. Since the name Klaus Altmann did not appear on the Immigration and Naturalization Service's lookout list, he entered and left the U.S. with no difficulty.

Ryan believes that the initial decision in 1947 to employ Barbie was "a defensible one." While the CIC knew of Barbie's Gestapo past, it was not officially informed that he was a war criminal until 1949. (Some Paris-based experts on the case remain skeptical of the CIC's early innocence, saying that Barbie's reputation was known in 1944.) Only two of the six CIC members involved in the Barbie operation are still alive.

Barbie's case is expected to come to trial in Lyon next year. The matter is now officially closed in the U.S. But Ryan hopes that its lessons of moral and legal accountability will endure. "It is not naive to believe that we have seen the end of the attitude that anything is permissible," Ryan summed up in the report, "including the obstruction of justice, if it falls under the cloak of intelligence." —*By Maureen Dowd. Reported by David J. Lynch/Washington and Tala Skari/Paris*

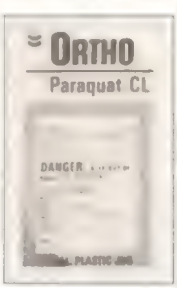
Weeding out: helicopter over marijuana plots in the Chattahoochee National Forest

A Cure Worse than the Disease?

Paraquat spraying in Georgia puts the DEA under fire

It started out as partly a drug raid, partly a well-orchestrated publicity campaign. As a helicopter swooped over the horizon of Georgia's Chattahoochee National Forest, technicians on board directed the aerial spraying of selected plots of illicit greenery. Camera crews dutifully recorded the 20-min. operation. It was, said the Drug Enforcement Administration proudly, the first-ever aerial use of the potent weed killer paraquat on domestic marijuana fields. A White House spokesman hinted that similar airborne anti-pot hits might be staged this year in as many as 39 other states.

But by week's end the Reagan Administration's latest anti-drug campaign was coming under siege, with both its motives and its methods being questioned by elected officials and citizens' groups. Charging that the DEA was conducting "chemical warfare" against them, a coalition of 400 area residents won a temporary order in U.S. district court barring further paraquat spraying in Georgia's White County, which includes the Chattahoochee. A motion for a similar order was denied in London, Ky., near the Daniel Boone National Forest, where the DEA began spraying Friday. Republican Congressman Harold Rogers, in whose district the spraying took place, called it "a tragically silly operation run by a bunch of incompetents." Republican Governor Lamar Alexander of Tennessee also voiced opposition to scheduled paraquat spraying in his state. For his part, DEA acting Administrator Francis Mullen seemed to be fudging on how many states can expect to be doused by paraquat from the air. Said he: "It could reach 40; it could be three or four."



Critics of the program charge that the airborne spraying is not an effective way to wipe out the estimated $10 billion U.S. marijuana crop. Because it is grown surreptitiously, most pot "fields" in the U.S. are actually small plots that are most efficiently cleared by simple uprooting or by ground spraying. For the DEA's first raid, the point seemed true enough. The take from seven small Georgia patches totaling less than an acre was about 60 plants, though the Feds managed to destroy larger amounts in Kentucky.

The real purpose of the operation, DEA's detractors claim, was to encourage countries like Colombia, where marijuana is grown in large fields, to follow suit. Mullen maintained that was not the main goal and insisted that helicopter spraying is useful even on small plots of marijuana in rough terrain.

It is also a good way to scare the public. Paraquat can be lethal to humans if swallowed in doses as small as one-tenth of an ounce and can cause serious lung scarring if inhaled. Some states are reluctant to use the herbicide as an aerial spray because of the chance that it will drift, contaminating nearby crops and livestock. Federal officials claim that the isolation of national forest lands, plus the containment factor provided by a helicopter's downdraft, minimizes that risk. Others disagree. Says Jay Feldman, head of the National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides: "There is no aerial application that doesn't involve drift."

For U.S. marijuana smokers, who may number as many as 30 million, the DEA program raises an old dilemma: the possibility of smoking tainted weed. Farming marijuana domestically, in fact, became a growth industry only when the U.S. provided funds for Mexico to use paraquat on its fields from 1975 to 1979, and contaminated samples began showing up in smuggled pot. Though not a single case of lung poisoning has so far been traced to marijuana use from that era, U.S. health officials estimate that nearly 10,000 users annually inhaled enough paraquat to be still considered at risk. ■

Drug License

Don't catch 'em, tax 'em!

Don't misunderstand: in Arizona, as in every other state, it is still illegal to peddle drugs. But citizens who intend to sell illicit drugs in Arizona anyway are now obliged to get a $100 state license from the department of revenue. Still more curious, the law that went into effect last month requires that an official, yellow $10 tax stamp be stuck to every 1-oz. bag of marijuana sold, and a $125 blue stamp to each 1-oz. parcel of cocaine (or any other illegal drug). What is more, the revenuers must keep the names of all licensees confidential; otherwise the statute would violate the constitutional protection against self-incrimination.

Even so, only a dozen Arizonans have so far asked for license applications. Not that Arizona expects many dope dealers to become licensed. The state wants to levy fines, $10 per oz. of pot and $125 per oz. of coke, on untaxed drug caches seized by police, regardless of the outcomes of criminal prosecutions. Last week came the first case: a man was charged with "possession for sale" of 247 lbs. of marijuana and assessed $39,520 for having no license or stamps.

The statute is the only one of its kind in the U.S. Sergeant Bob Stocksdale of the state police's narcotics division is hopeful. "We're glad to see this law," he says. "If you get the narcotics dealer in the wallet, that will knock him down. But we just flat don't know yet how, or if, it will work." ■

Family Plan

Convicted of fathering a crime

Together the two powerful Oklahoma Democrats were found guilty of 20 counts of conspiracy and mail fraud, but by the time the nine-day trial in Muskogee County had ended, no one in the Sooner State could have been in any doubt about the motive: the crime had been committed for Dad.

U.S. Attorney Gary Richardson persuaded the federal court jury that State House Speaker Dan Draper and his chief legislative lieutenant, Majority Floor Leader Joseph Fitzgibbon, had participated in a complicated vote-fraud scheme to steal a 1982 runoff election. The beneficiary: the speaker's father, Daniel D. Draper II, 72. But despite the help of at least 58 questionable absentee ballots, the elder Draper lost the race for the state house seat anyhow. And until last week, his son, one of only four politicians in the state's history to be elected speaker for three terms, was a very good bet for higher office. Now, like Fitzgibbon, the younger Draper faces a maximum of five years in prison. Maintains Draper: "I've done nothing wrong." At week's end Governor George Nigh announced that both leaders were automatically suspended from their offices. ■

CHAD

France Draws the Line

But Mitterrand creates controversy in Paris and Washington

French soldiers prepare to board a 747 from France to the Central African Republic to replace troops already sent to Chad

The fighting in the embattled Central African nation of Chad was in stalemate, checked by the arrival of some 1,000 French paratroopers. Though the French soldiers were ostensibly in Chad as "instructors," the fact was that there were already half as many French troops in the country as there were soldiers in the Chadian army. The French buildup was a warning to Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi, whose intervention in behalf of Rebel Leader Goukouni Oueddei had threatened to topple the government of President Hissène Habré. The message: Libya should not move its forces any farther south in the direction of the Chadian capital of N'Djamena. What had started two months ago as the latest round in a long struggle between two northern Muslim warlords seeking control of N'Djamena had thus become a test of France's determination to maintain its traditional links with its African allies, and of Libya's attempt to destroy those bonds.

French President François Mitterrand's decision also provoked a test of wills on two fronts far from Central Africa. In Paris, Mitterrand's Communist partners and even some members of his Socialist Party criticized the extensive deployment of French troops into Africa as a throwback to the "neocolonialist" policies of Mitterrand's predecessors. Members of the center-right opposition complained that the President was doing too little, too late. U.S. officials, meanwhile, took umbrage when Mitterrand charged in a newspaper interview that the U.S. had sent its AWACS surveillance aircraft to the region without properly consulting the French government. White House Spokesman Larry Speakes insisted that consultation had taken place "at the highest levels." When a reporter asked if that included the French President, Speakes replied, "You got it."

In Africa, there were some preliminary efforts to find diplomatic solutions to the Chadian impasse. Meeting in Brazzaville, capital of the Congo People's Republic, ten African heads of state called for a cease-fire in Chad. In N'Djamena, President Habré did not rule out the possibility of holding talks with Gaddafi but said he would never negotiate with his archrival Goukouni, whom he described as a "Libyan mercenary." Gaddafi, in turn, held a press conference in Tunisia at which he brazenly denied that there were any Libyan troops in Chad.

At the northern Chadian oasis town of Faya-Largeau, which fell to Goukouni's Libyan-supported rebels two weeks ago after a ten-day bombardment by Libyan aircraft, Libya was resupplying its 3,000-man garrison. For their part, the French were busy flying troops, arms and ammunition to their outposts in Abéché, Biltine, Arada and Sallal. The four towns are positioned along the main routes that an invading force from the north would have to use to attack the capital. The advantage of this new "line in the sand" is that it is situated at the limit of the Libyans' air range. As a further indication of its determination, France appointed Brigadier General Jean Poli, 54, a career paratrooper with combat experience in Africa, to assume command of its forces in Chad.

All week long, residents of N'Djamena (pop. 200,000) could hear the rumble of French Transall aircraft taking off with supplies for the forward garri-

sons. Combat helicopters swung low over the Chari River, beside the capital, and heavily laden trucks moved out of the French military camp near the airport. The French troops were being equipped with both antiaircraft and antitank missiles so that they could be ready for either an aerial attack or a ground assault. At the same time, U.S. C-141s flew into N'Djamena carrying Jeeps, artillery and other supplies promised by President Reagan two weeks ago.

In the neighboring Sudan, two U.S. AWACS were ready to assist the French if the fighting resumed. There was also evidence that France was prepared to bring in its own planes if the Libyans should attack. Four French Jaguar fighter-bombers were standing by in the Central African Republic's capital of Bangui, 600 miles south of N'Djamena, along with two aerial tankers that would enable the Jaguars to be refueled in mid-air.

With its military deterrent in place, France embarked on the delicate task of seeking a diplomatic solution. In Brazzaville, French Minister of Cooperation and Development Christian Nucci spoke for an hour with the Libyan Ambassador to the United Nations, Abdessalam Ali Triki. Earlier, Mitterrand had sent his special adviser on African affairs, Guy Penne, to meet with Habré in N'Djamena. Although the Chadian President had previously branded Penne a "poor imbecile" who was the head of a "pro-Libyan lobby," Habré said after the meeting that his relations with France were "clear and unambiguous." Habré, 41, a wiry man with fierce brown eyes, reserved his harshest words for Gaddafi, who in 1973 seized and annexed a 44,000-sq.-mi. stretch of northern Chad known as the Aozou Strip. Said Habré: "Libya now occupies half of Chad. Gaddafi wants to annex Chad, and that is that."

A more mysterious diplomatic mission involved Mitterrand's lawyer and close personal friend, Roland Dumas, who flew to Tripoli for a three-hour meeting with Gaddafi. When word of Dumas's trip appeared in the press, French officials claimed that it was a "private" journey. There were unconfirmed reports that Dumas had warned Gaddafi that France would use force if the Libyans decided to advance on N'Djamena, and advised Gaddafi that he would do better to accommodate himself to the French presence than to risk bringing the U.S. and the Soviet Union into the conflict.

Gaddafi, in turn, reportedly hinted to the French that he was willing to talk peace. But on what terms? Previously he has urged France to help overthrow Habré and pave the way for a new "government of national reconciliation," presumably meaning one that would be more mindful of Libyan wishes. One possible solution might be international recognition of Libyan control over the Aozou Strip, in return for Libya's withdrawal from the rest of Chad. Another would be the effective partition of Chad into a Libyan-dominated north and a Habré-controlled south. But neither of those formulas would be acceptable to Habré or indeed to many other African leaders.

President Habré in N'Djamena last week

Whatever happens next is not likely to happen quickly.

Just as the U.S. and France were finally managing to show unity in their response to Libya's actions in Chad, an article in the French newspaper *Le Monde* sowed new discord. The article, based on an interview with Mitterrand, described the French President as irritated over the Reagan Administration's interference in Chadian affairs. It said that Mitterrand was angry about Washington's constant harping on Franco-American "cooperation," which left France open to Soviet charges of being a "tool of American imperialism." In fact, Mitterrand asserted, France is committed to the defense of Chad's territorial integrity, not to toppling Gaddafi, for whom he has no particular hostility. If Reagan sees Gaddafi as some sort of monster, the article said, let him confront the Libyan leader directly instead of trying to use France as a surrogate.

The French President's criticism drew a quick retort. White House Spokesman Speakes noted that Reagan and Mitterrand had exchanged letters twice before the U.S. dispatched its AWACS and F-15 aircraft, though consultation about specific details took place between French and American military officials. Speakes denied that the U.S. had applied "pressure" to France, and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger insisted that the U.S. had sent the AWACS planes only because "the French indicated that they wanted them."

Mitterrand's statements reflect the sensitivity of the Chad issue in France. The Socialists have usually opposed military interventions in Africa, and they now find it awkward to have changed their position. French rightists also find themselves in a paradoxical position, reluctant to condemn an intervention that is in line with their own past policies. The three main opposition leaders, former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, former Premier Raymond Barre and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, have all kept silent on the subject. Yvon Blot, spokesman for the neo-Gaullist party, speculated that Mitterrand's "bizarre" outburst was meant mainly for home consumption, as a ploy to retain the support of Communists and left-wing Socialists. After all, said Blot, "Reagan has merely recognized the fact that France, because of its colonial past, should play a leading role in Africa."

Some U.S. diplomats are convinced that Mitterrand's strategy is to give himself some negotiating flexibility by decrying the American "pressure" even as he sends in troops to check the Libyan advance. It is altogether possible that the tactic is working. Gaddafi last week gave Mitterrand the benefit of the doubt, saying that France "was drawn into that conflict in spite of itself." This, as well as his repeated assertions that Libya is not directly involved in the conflict, may be Gaddafi's way of preserving a little room to maneuver in future negotiations.

Whatever happens next is not likely to happen quickly. French officials say that the "training" of the Chadian army will take four months. But no matter how long it takes, the French will not be inclined to pull out if Libya continues to reinforce its garrison at Faya-Largeau. At the moment, Habré is powerless to conduct the war as he sees fit. As soon as he is able, however, Habré is determined to see to it that the northern oasis, near which he was born, does not remain in Libyan hands indefinitely. "They can take Faya-Largeau 20 times," he vowed last week, "and we will recapture it 20 times." These are the words of a man whose country has already endured 18 years of civil war, with no end in sight. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by John Borrell/N'Djamena and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris*

Libyan Leader Gaddafi during a visit to Tunisia

As his assassin's body lies near by, Aquino is lifted into a security van

THE PHILIPPINES

Bloody Welcome

Aquino's exile ends in death

Former Senator Benigno ("Ninoy") Aquino smelled trouble. After nearly eight years in Philippine prisons and three of more or less voluntary exile in the U.S., he was returning home in hopes of resuming his opposition to the autocratic regime of President Ferdinand Marcos. But Aquino, 51, feared that he would be turned back or arrested—or worse. So, as his China Airlines Boeing 767 from Taipei approached Manila International Airport, he ducked into a washroom and slipped a bullet-proof vest under the same white safari suit he wore when he left three years earlier. "I'm O.K., I'm protected here," he said as he patted his torso. "But if they hit me in the head, I'm a goner."

As the plane taxied to its gate and three uniformed policemen stomped aboard, passengers heading for the exit were ordered back to their seats by the crew. One of the passengers was TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Sandra Burton, who had just finished reporting a story in the Indonesian archipelago and then, by prearrangement, had detoured to Taipei to accompany Aquino on the final leg of his homecoming flight. As Burton recounted it in a file to TIME this Sunday:

"The policemen almost passed by the calm, bespectacled figure sitting in the economy section. But when one of them recognized him, Aquino rose from his seat and went willingly. The police led Aquino down a stairway from the passenger tube to the pavement, where an unmarked military van was waiting. Suddenly, the pop of a revolver was heard. Seconds later two other revolver shots rang out. Horrified passengers crouched on the floor of the plane.

"The body of Aquino was lying face down on the pavement, blood spurting from a large wound in the back of his neck. Another body, dressed in a blue mechanic's uniform, lay face up a few feet away as a soldier pumped 16 rounds into his stomach at close range. Two other soldiers picked up the limp body of Aquino, loaded it into the van and sped away. Aquino was pronounced dead on arrival at Ft. Bonifacio Army Hospital."

Reacting with unusual toughness, the U.S. State Department called the murder "a cowardly and despicable act" and exhorted the Philippine government to track down and punish those responsible "swiftly and vigorously." For his part, Marcos immediately condemned the killing as "heinous and outrageous" and announced that unspecified "precautionary steps" were being taken to maintain order. But the killing is bound to have serious repercussions. Aquino, the youngest governor and then the youngest senator in Philippine history, was thrown into prison under sentence of death for "subversion" in 1972, shortly after mounting a strong bid for the presidency against Marcos. Released in 1980 to undergo heart bypass surgery in the U.S., he later held fellowships at Harvard and M.I.T. before deciding to return this summer.

A Liberal, Aquino was thinking of running against Marcos in 1987, and had been working with opposition leaders against the President's heavyhanded rule. One of those leaders, Assemblyman Salvador Laurel, was at the airport along with thousands of Aquino followers when the assassination occurred. As word of the shooting rippled through the anguished crowd, Laurel glumly urged, "Be cool, be cool."

When he died, Aquino was carrying a statement he had intended to read at the airport: "It is now time for the regime to decide. Order my immediate execution or set me free." While there is no evidence that the Marcos government was involved in the death, neither is there any doubt that many of Aquino's followers will see it as an execution, possibly by the President's loyalists in the armed forces. And that could doom any hope that the Philippines will "be cool." ■

ZIMBABWE

Coming Home

Nkomo reclaims his seat

Another self-exiled politician had better luck than Aquino. Joshua Nkomo, portly leader of Zimbabwe's opposition ZAPU party, had promised to return "like a lion, not a lamb," and last week he flew back to Harare after five months in London. In the airport lobby, a crowd of jubilant supporters danced and clapped, shouting high-pitched cries of welcome.

It was a short-lived triumph. Officials pointedly denied Nkomo the use of the airport's VIP lounge and whisked him into a customs office. Inspectors then searched his luggage for more than one hour, confiscating a color television set, a videotape of the musical *My Fair Lady* and some English honey. Next day Nkomo appeared in Zimbabwe's neoclassical national assembly to challenge a motion that, because he had missed 21 consecutive sessions, would have stripped him of his seat. Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's government had introduced the motion two weeks earlier.

As members of Mugabe's ruling ZANU party jeered, Nkomo insisted that he had fled the country in March only after troops loyal to Mugabe had ransacked his house and killed his driver. "I ran away from my grave," declared Nkomo. "I did not leave Zimbabwe for a safari in Europe." While Mugabe listened impassively, Minister of Legal and Parliamentary Affairs Eddison Zvobgo berated Nkomo for embarrassing the government, and ridiculed as "old hat" letters that Nkomo had sent from London proposing talks to solve Zimbabwe's internal problems. Then, to the surprise of most of the M.P.s present, Zvobgo announced that, because the government was not "vindictive or divisive," he would withdraw the controversial motion to unseat Nkomo.

The decision assured Nkomo of a continuing, although minor, role in Zimbabwe's politics. Still, the humiliating ordeal emphasized the opposition leader's waning influence. Mugabe and Nkomo had shared leadership of the seven-year guerrilla war that in 1980 ended white rule of the country, then known as Rhodesia. Since that time, however, Mugabe has systematically undermined his former partner's power. Earlier this year, government troops, most of them members of Mugabe's dominant Shona tribe, killed hundreds of Nkomo's Ndebele tribesmen in what was billed as a campaign against dissenters.

By tolerating Nkomo's return, Mugabe may be preparing to carry out plans to replace Zimbabwe's pluralistic system with one-party rule. If he banned Nkomo's party outright, Mugabe would, in effect, remove 20% of the country's population from any role in government. To achieve his goal peacefully, Mugabe may still have to cut a deal with his rival. ■

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MEXICO

Speak Softly or Carry a Big Stick?

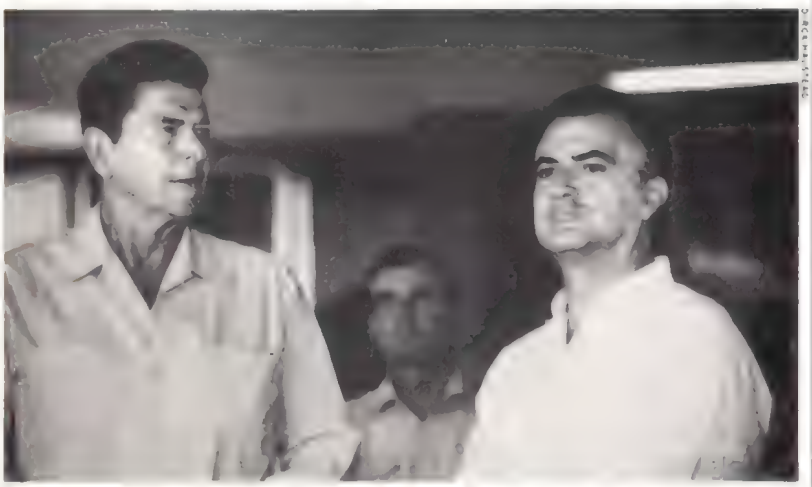
Reagan and De la Madrid agree to disagree on Central America

However perplexing the problems in other parts of the globe, President Reagan has always seemed at ease in dealing with Mexico. Shortly before his Inauguration, the former California Governor signaled that Mexico would be at the top of his foreign policy agenda by making a courtesy call on José López Portillo, who was then President. Reagan made a second trip south of the border to offer neighborly greetings to López Portillo's successor, Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado. But when the President traveled to Mexico for a return visit with De la Madrid last week, all of that good will was put to the test. The reason: profound disagreement between the U.S. and Mexico over how to handle the crisis in Central America.

Arriving at the rain-drenched airport near La Paz, a quiet resort in Southern Baja California, Reagan shook hands with De la Madrid and then positioned himself to receive a Mexican *abrazo*. But De la Madrid firmly caught Reagan by the lower arm and avoided the traditional Latin hug. "We want to appear more serious, more dignified, not folkloric," a Mexican aide later explained. Diplomats described the subsequent talks as "useful," but although there were signs of movement behind the scenes on a number of issues, both sides apparently agreed to disagree about Central America.

Without specifically mentioning the U.S. decision to send a naval flotilla to the coast of Nicaragua and some 5,000 troops to participate in military exercises in Honduras, De la Madrid warned the U.S. that regional stability might be endangered "by shows of force that threaten to touch off a conflagration." Reagan, who was dressed in a blue *guayabera*, reaffirmed the tough U.S. policy in Central America. "We believe people should be able to determine their own solutions," he declared, "and that's why we've responded to calls for help from certain of our Latin American neighbors."

The two leaders signed an agreement to protect their 2,000-mile common border from pollution. Reagan announced that the U.S. would extend commodity credits so that Mexico could buy more American agricultural produce during the current drought. But foreign policy seemed to overshadow everything else. Playing down the differences, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz said that both countries were in agreement "at the level of general principle," but held divergent views about "particular tactical moves." The debate, essentially, is about whether to speak softly or carry a big stick.



Neighborly greetings: Reagan and De la Madrid before their meeting in La Paz

A summit that began with a handshake instead of the traditional Latin abrazo.

Mexico has expressed far more interest than the U.S. in pursuing the path of negotiations. In 1981 Mexico joined France in a declaration that recognized the leftist insurgents in El Salvador as a "representative political force" that should be invited to join in negotiations with the government. Mexico is also a founding member of the Contadora group, named for the Panamanian island on which the foreign ministers of Colombia, Mexico, Panama and Venezuela first met last January to search for a solution to Central America's problems.

So far, the Reagan Administration has given only tepid endorsement to the Contadora group's efforts. On July 17, after a meeting in the Mexican resort of Cancún, the Presidents of the four nations in the group proposed a peace plan that called for the removal of all foreign military bases and advisers, the creation of demilitarized zones in the region, and an end to the arms traffic. The announcement was overshadowed by President Reagan's decision to dispatch the fleet to Central America. Mexican officials noted with some annoyance that even if Shultz spoke favorably of Mexico's peace efforts, Reagan failed to mention the Contadora group during his meetings in La Paz last week.

The reason, according to U.S. officials, is that the President is impatient over the lack of any tangible results from negotiations and concerned that peace initiatives will serve only to give Nicaragua's leftist Sandinista government worldwide respectability. The White House has also taken exception to the Contadora group's guiding principles, which give greater weight to reaching a negotiated settlement and removing foreign forces from the region than to bolstering democracy in Central America.

Mexico's view of the region is rooted in its own history. If some Americans draw analogies between Viet Nam and Central America, Mexicans hark back to the 19th century, when they lost about half of their territory to the "colossus of the North," and to the first half of the 20th century, when U.S. intervention in Central America's republics was as predictable as the banana harvest. Mexicans, consequently, fear that the Reagan Administration is intent on seeking a military solution to the current crisis. They are concerned about the growing U.S. military presence in Honduras and covert U.S. support for the *contra* guerrillas who are fighting the Sandinistas along the Nicaraguan border. Says Mexican Writer Octavio Paz: "The unrest in Central America is not only the consequence of Cuban and Soviet intrusion, but also of social problems, among them the bad influences of the oligarchs and of military dictatorships, which have often been supported by the U.S."

Although their political system has been stable, not to say calcified, for half a century, Mexicans persist in the notion that they are a revolutionary nation. Speaking proudly of the revolution of 1910 that brought down a regime dominated by wealthy landowners, many Mexicans are convinced that history is on the side of "popular revolution." Hence they support the current regimes in Cuba and Nicaragua, whatever their excesses. Drawing from their own experience as a "guided" democracy with essentially one-party rule, Mexicans have doubts about U.S. efforts to establish American-style representative governments in the region. Says a Washington analyst: "What smacks of progressive government in Mexico is Marxism-Leninism to Reagan."

Mexican governments, furthermore,

have a strong domestic motive for paying lip service to revolutions in the region. The country's stability, remarkable by Latin American standards, has been achieved through astute bargaining among various power groups. By stressing Mexico's revolutionary credentials in foreign policy, the government co-opts leftist parties that might be opposed to its more conservative policies at home. Says Mexican Social Democrat Luis Sanchez Aguilar: "When the left applauds the external policy of Mexico, it has an excuse to forget the rightist policies inside."

Particularly galling to many Mexicans are the efforts by some Administration officials to invoke the domino theory to justify U.S. policy in Central America. Despite a crippling economic crisis that has produced triple-digit inflation and a foreign debt of nearly $90 billion, Mexico does not see itself as the final battleground if the U.S. does not draw the line against Marxist advances elsewhere in the region. They resent the implication that they too are a banana republic, and suspect that talk of Mexico as the ultimate domino is only a smokescreen. As Foreign Minister Bernardo Sepúlveda Amor told TIME in an interview last week, "I do not think the main purpose of U.S. Central American policy is to protect Mexico. The U.S. has a different perspective related to what some people in the Administration regard as a vital strategic and political interest: to assert U.S. hegemony in the region."

Yet for all its diplomatic nonchalance, there is little doubt that Mexico is concerned about the trends south of its border. Neighboring Guatemala's campaign against leftist insurgents in its northern region has driven an estimated 80,000 Indians across the Mexican border and into refugee camps in the impoverished state of Chiapas.

Mexico has used its Contadora connection to put quiet pressure on the Nicaraguan regime. It was probably no coincidence that Nicaraguan Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra waited only two days to express support for the Contadora group's July 17 declaration. Mexico, which had been providing Nicaragua with crude oil at 100% credit, recently told Nicaragua that it will now have to start paying off its oil bill.

Reagan told De la Madrid last week that the U.S. would welcome further diplomatic assistance in the region. Mexico's quiet diplomacy was helpful in arranging the meeting between U.S. Ambassador Richard Stone and exiled Salvadoran Opposition Leader Rubén Zamora in Colombia last month. Sepúlveda has hinted that the same communication lines are still open to broaden U.S. contacts with other Salvadoran guerrilla leaders. Whatever the differences that divide, Mexico will have to play a role commensurate with its size and prominence. *—By John Kohan. Reported by Laura López/La Paz and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

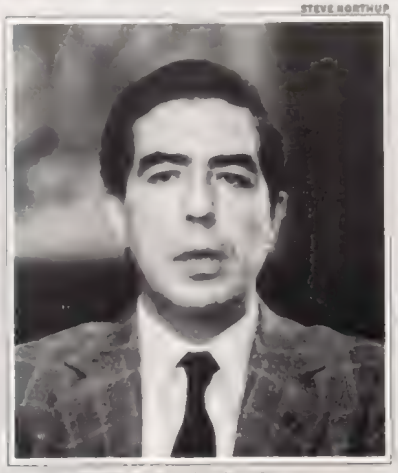
"No Danger of Being Polluted"

As a founder of the Contadora group, Mexican Foreign Minister Bernardo Sepúlveda Amor, 41, has been actively involved in seeking a peaceful solution to the conflicts in Central America. The stylish, eloquent former professor of international law met with TIME *Mexico City Bureau Chief James Willwerth and Reporter Laura López last week to offer his analysis of the region's troubles. Excerpts from the interview:*

On Mexico's interest in Central America. We are worried by the political turmoil, the economic crisis and the resulting instability. We cannot disregard the arms buildup. We have been very clear on the need to ensure that there is absolutely no foreign intervention in Central America. We do not want a crisis in Central America that could become similar to the one that has continued for 40 years in the Middle East, where there is extreme complexity and where the two superpowers compete for political and military influence.

On the aims of the Contadora group. We have insisted on the need to reach a political agreement in Central America on the basis of nonintervention and self-determination. That would, among other things, eliminate foreign military advisers and control the arms race. We think that it is very important that Latin American nations, developed countries and the international community—through the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank and other institutions—help Central America with economic assistance.

STEVE NORTHUP



Sepúlveda: No to the domino theory

On Nicaragua. Mexico knows from experience that the creation of political and economic institutions in a country that had none whatsoever is an extremely difficult and complex process. It requires time, political wisdom and political experience. That may also mean a little patience. Some countries find social change in other countries a threat to their interests. We had that experience. Now Nicaragua is going through it. We believe that given the chance, Nicaraguan society will find the way to build its own political institutions without any foreign interference.

We should not provide fuel for the more radical elements in the revolution. It would be better to ensure that the more balanced political forces in Nicaragua have the larger say. We do not think that the Nicaraguan opposition can legitimize its position through the use of force. On the contrary, we think that right now the Nicaraguan authorities are doing their very best to find a mechanism by which political parties will be able to function in that society.

On El Salvador. There should be no dilemma in choosing between elections and negotiations. There can be negotiations *and* elections, and by encouraging this we would help the process of national reconciliation. We believe that at some point we may be able to play a useful role in getting the two parties together. But I think it would be extremely risky to say what will happen next.

On Honduras. It is difficult to know how the political system will be affected by the presence of the U.S. military and the *contras* on Honduran territory. As far as I know, some of the opposition parties have questioned the wisdom of having such a large military presence in Honduras. It may make military forces predominant within Honduran society. We would very much prefer to see the responsibility for government remain with civilians.

On fears that unrest in Central America could affect Mexico. I do not subscribe to the domino theory at all. Each society has its own identity and its own political and economic institutions, and the idea of a society's being contaminated ideologically from other sources is incorrect. We are not in danger of being polluted in any manner whatsoever by the Central American political conflicts. We have already had our own revolution, which established a strong political and social infrastructure.

On differences between U.S. and Mexican foreign policy. It may happen that in some instances we shall differ with U.S. policies. We shall certainly express our differences. But we do not seek that.

ISRAEL

Waking Up in a Fool's Paradise

Faced with triple-digit inflation, the government tries austerity

"This is my sixth visit to Israel, and I am amazed at your apparent prosperity. It seems that every flat has a TV, usually color, one and sometimes two cars, and other modern appliances." Few visitors to Israel would dispute that glowing report, which came from an American tourist in a letter to the Jerusalem *Post*. Highways are flooded with new cars. Shop windows are filled with food processors, freezers and video-cassette recorders. At Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport, long queues of vacation-bound Israelis wait to board flights for Europe and the U.S. Despite more than three decades of costly conflict with its Arab neighbors, Israel enjoys a standard of living that ranks near that of many West European nations.

DAVID RUBINGER

DAVID RUBINGER

Consumers crowd a Jerusalem shopping mall; inset, Aridor

The economy is a problem for the government, not the people.

The appearances, however, are deceiving. By most yardsticks, the Israeli economy is in serious trouble. During the month of July alone, prices climbed 6.3%; the inflation rate for the year may reach a record 160%. The rise in prices has been so rapid that a 500-shekel note today is worth less than a 50-shekel note was in 1980. The country's G.N.P. is expected to grow only 2% this year, after stagnating in 1982. Foreign debt is, at $20.9 billion, one of the highest per capita in the world, and the trade deficit may exceed $5 billion this year. The U.S. General Accounting Office warned recently that a substantial portion of Washington's $2.5 billion in military and economic aid was being used to help Israel repay past debts. Without increased levels of assistance, Israel could soon owe the U.S. as much in annual repayments as it receives in loans.

The dimensions of the problem have provoked alarm within the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin. At a Cabinet meeting last month, Energy Minister Yitzhak Modai charged that the situation was "catastrophic." Last week, after four days of wrangling, the Cabinet unveiled a package of austerity measures designed to reduce the $1.6 billion budget deficit. It agreed to cut spending by $526 million, mostly in defense and welfare. It also decided to raise taxes on travel and certain government benefits.

The most heated arguments were over defense, which accounts for 29% of the budget. Finance Minister Yoram Aridor had proposed cutting $333 million in military spending. But Defense Minister Moshe Arens argued vehemently that such reductions would impair the army's preparedness and require cutbacks in troop numbers. Begin agreed. At one point he chastised Aridor, saying, "It's not worth cutting the defense budget at a time like this." As a compromise the defense budget was reduced by $141 million this year; another $125 million will be sliced off in the next two years.

Most Israelis took the announcement in stride, just as they have ignored the economic crisis all along. Despite the negative indicators, consumers have been on a massive spending spree, snapping up appliances, going on vacations abroad and buying automobiles at a rate almost twice that of last year. The reason for their nonchalance: a combination of official and homespun safeguards that insulates almost every citizen from the roller coaster of the national economy.

Most important is a sophisticated system of indexation that protects Israelis from the ravages of inflation. Four times a year, employers raise all salaries so as to compensate workers almost completely for higher prices. Similarly, social security and other government payments are adjusted regularly to make up for inflation. The value of life insurance policies increases steadily to reflect rising prices, and banks fully index savings accounts in addition to paying conventional interest rates.

A further sense of security has come from labor contracts that make it difficult for employers to fire workers, even if they are no longer needed. As a result, unemployment is only 4.9%, although many businesses are saddled with unproductive workers. In addition, consumers are aided by generous government subsidies that hold down the prices of some basic foods. A loaf of bread, for example, costs only 12¢, and half a pound of margarine 23¢. Says a senior Foreign Ministry official: "The economy is a problem for the government, not for the people."

With triple-digit inflation the availability of easy credit has given Israelis a strong incentive to live beyond their means. Although the average wage is only $7,200 a year, and income taxes take 50% of that, Israelis do not hesitate to spend more than $10,000 on a basic Japanese compact car. The Israeli answer: borrow now and pay later. For everyday budget stretching, banks routinely extend consumer loans, and actually encourage wage earners to take out overdrafts of up to $600.

But the system has begun to show signs of strain. Earlier this year, 90% of Israel's 8,500 physicians joined in a hunger strike, claiming that even with indexation their salaries were not keeping up with living costs. This month 150 collective farms announced that the government's refusal to devalue the shekel in proportion to the inflation rate had depressed exports, pushing the farms close to bankruptcy. Says former Tel Aviv University President Haim Ben-Shahar: "Our fool's paradise can't last much longer."

The government's latest austerity measures will only begin to address the problem. Ezra Sadan, Director-General of the Finance Ministry, argues that inflation will not be curbed until the system of indexation is substantially modified. "Indexation is like a drug," he says. "Once you've got used to it, you have to keep it up." The Begin government bears its share of the blame. Shortly before the 1981 elections, Finance Minister Aridor lowered taxes on a variety of consumer goods, including TVs, cars and refrigerators. The move helped Begin win re-election, but it fueled the spending spree and budget deficit that the government must now deal with. Ultimately, the culprit is Israel's relationship to its neighbors. As long as Israel spends nearly one-third of its budget on defense, it cannot expect to have a trouble-free economy. —*By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Robert Slater/Jerusalem*

The first turbo-charged diesels without turbo-charged prices.

Until now, the turbo diesel has always been a terrific idea in theory, but a terrifically expensive one in practice.

But all that's changing.

Because at Volkswagen, our German engineers have developed a way to eliminate the high cost of turbo diesels without eliminating their unique advantages.

You see, turbo diesels take exhaust gases that would normally be lost out your tailpipe and use them to help create extra power.

In the case of Volkswagen Turbo Diesels, you get [illegible] more performance than with a normal diesel — and without using more fuel.

All turbo diesels work on this same principle. But that's where the similarities end.

Because while other makes can cost $30,000 or more, Volkswagen Turbo Diesels cost less than half of that.

The Rabbit Turbo Diesel, for example, costs just $8,650*. And it's one of the most sophisticated small cars you can buy.

The Jetta Turbo Diesel is a smooth-handling sports sedan that can outperform a lot of gas cars. And it only costs $9,540*.

[illegible] technologically advanced Volkswagen [illegible] ever made, is just $[illegible]*.

Which means that [illegible] you the three most [illegible] you can have.

They perform like [illegible] cars. They econo[illegible] like [illegible].

And, most importantly, they're priced like Volkswagens.

[illegible]

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

BRUNEI

A Prodigal Son Comes of Age

Rich but sheltered, the sultanate prepares to go it alone

Brunei has long resembled the proverbial child in a candy store, both buoyed and bewildered by the wealth of its options. For almost a century the nation has enjoyed the paternal guidance of Britain; meanwhile, its improbable combination of huge oil revenues and a population (209,000) smaller than that of Corpus Christi, Texas, has blessed the average citizen with a whopping annual income of $20,000. Soon a spanking new 2,200-room palace will join the gleaming glass towers that grace the once sleepy capital of Bandar Seri Begawan; even in the heart of the jungle, every wooden longhouse is furnished with government-supplied generators and TV sets.

But so prodigal a life-style in so protected a land makes for some rich ironies. It was said that upon first receiving television sets, tribal elders would huddle in front of *The Virginian* and marvel that there could be so many horses in Brunei. At last week's celebration of the Sultan's 37th birthday, His Highness inspected his troops from a gold-upholstered Land Rover, while Gucci-shod women in traditional black robes looked on.

The monthlong festivities mark more than a new page in the life of Sir Muda Hassanal Bolkiah Mu'Izzaddin Waddaulah; they herald a fresh chapter in the history of his sultanate. On Jan. 1, 1984, Brunei will, somewhat gingerly, gain its independence. After 96 years of British rule, the transition is bound to be tricky. Although since 1959 Britain has looked after nothing more than foreign affairs and defense for the Sultan, it has also, for an estimated annual fee of $12 million, supplied the nation with a highly disciplined corps of 750 Gurkha soldiers. In a rare interview on the eve of his birthday, the Sultan told TIME that there was no truth to speculation that the troops would be leaving with the British. "The Gurkha battalion will stay," he declared.

Politically, Brunei will remain an unlikely hybrid, half absolute monarchy and half welfare state. In 1962, when the country's first elections were held, a group of militant nationalists, calling themselves the Brunei People's Party, swept 97% of all seats, only to be prevented from taking office. When, four months later, the leftists mounted an armed rebellion, thousands of them were thrown, often without trial, into jail. Some still linger there.

Yet even as it suppresses its enemies, the government treats its citizens with the fond indulgence of a grandfather. It provides free education, free health care, and, for civil servants and young farmers, free housing. It also lavishes upon its residents low-interest loans, allowing them to buy so freely that there is now one car for every four residents. Iban tribesmen are flown to Singapore if they need special medical treatment; senior government employees are given free pilgrimages to Mecca. Despite its profligate habits, Brunei still earns up to $1.5 billion more than it can spend each year. Says a ranking civil servant: "People are being overindulged, and there should be a more intense debate on how much they should get without paying."

Despite the widespread drop in prices, the oil and natural gas unearthed by the Brunei Shell Petroleum Co. are expected to pay for the collective extravaganza by bringing in $3 billion this year alone. The government has used its oil revenues prudently: between 1980 and 1983 it pumped some $1 billion of its oil dollars into defense. During its spurt of unusual prosperity, it also poured new money into its welfare schemes. Thanks to its far-sightedness, Brunei now enjoys international reserves large enough to cover twelve years of imports at the present rate and to sustain a growth rate of 4% into 1984. Says the Sultan: "God is very kind to Brunei."

But in some respects the "Shell-fare state" has turned the sultanate into a poor little rich land. Foreigners make up more than 30% of the country's labor force. The retailing and construction businesses are dominated by some of the 50,000 enterprising residents who are of Chinese descent. And, naturally enough, some 40% of the 45,000 native workers choose to work for the government, where they will be spoiled by a king's ransom of benefits.

When his father abruptly abdicated in 1967, the trim, mustachioed Sultan agreed to don the crown, some say reluctantly, at the age of 21. Trained at Sandhurst, he indulges in a passion for things English, including Rolls-Royces, Savile Row suits and polo. Although some of his countrymen have considered him to be an absentee ruler, His Highness has become increasingly active with the approach of independence. He has visited every department in his bureaucracy, while also establishing a small, well-educated team of technocrats to pave the way for self-rule. He has even parlayed his passion for polo into a friendship with the ruler of Malaysia, helping to heal the longstanding animosity between the two countries. In addition, the Sultan denies that independence will push his nation closer to Islamic fundamentalism. "We cannot mix religion and the administration of government," he told TIME.

As the richest nation in Southeast Asia, independent Brunei may nonetheless find itself some day under pressure from such larger neighbors as Malaysia and Indonesia. Says British Brigadier General John Friedberger, who serves at present under the Sultan: "Brunei is rich, and man is greedy, and if you are not strong, the big boys will sometimes come and take your apples away." In the absence of its benevolent godfather, the well-favored child may attract a host of persistent and unsolicited suitors. —*By Pico Iyer. Reported by Sandra Burton/Bandar Seri Begawan*

The Sultan takes stock of his promised land

Senior Water Bailiff Worthington and his deputy watch for poachers on the River Towy

BRITAIN

Troubled Waters

The salmon-poaching scandal

Charles Darwin would have loved the British salmon, school of '83. Returning this month as they do annually from their far-flung North Atlantic feeding grounds to rivers in Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales where they were spawned, the great game fish face a hazardous course that only the fittest survive. Along the way they are likely to encounter far more than the simple lures of sportsmen who gladly pay up to $3,000 a week for riverbank angling rights. The fish must also run an illicit gauntlet of nets, gaffs, snares, spears, dynamite, electric shocks, even poison, believed to be cy-mag, a cyanide-based white powder that sucks the oxygen out of the water and turns every asphyxiated fish belly up within a two-mile area. Reaching river's end after such an ordeal, male salmon are probably too pooped to papa.

The British government appears to think so. Last month the National Water Council, which represents regional water authorities in England and Wales, issued its grimmest report ever on the state of the salmon. Illegal catches—the council refrained from using the word poaching—have become so heavy that in some areas they are double the legal catch. Even though the government is spending $4 million annually on a force of 245 water bailiffs to combat illegal fishing in English and Welsh rivers, the salmon may face extinction.

The reasons are largely economic. Any enterprising poacher can easily earn $750 a night by netting, poisoning, gaffing or otherwise coaxing salmon out of British streams and selling them for $3 per lb., more for the choicest steaks, to restaurants. Nick Sanders, manager of the Cothi Bridge Hotel about six miles east of Carmarthen in south Wales, is one of the few restaurateurs willing to admit as much. "If the fish comes in at a reasonable price, I'll buy it," he says. "Poaching has always gone on in Wales. It's like kids bobbing for apples." The penalty for getting caught, by contrast, can be as little as $15.

Such economic considerations have changed what was once a chivalrous game into a nasty business. In the old days, poachers and water bailiffs both took a more romantic view of things. Says Dai Thomas, 60, a retired mechanic and sometime poacher from St. Clears, Wales, who was taught the art at the age of eight by his father: "I love poaching. It's a sport. I know where the fish hides, in the deep pools at the banks underneath the roots. I tickle the salmon. He thinks I'm playing with him, which makes me sad because once I touch him he won't move. I slip the rabbit snare over his tail and jerk him out of the water. But as I get older, I find the fish looking at me, so nice, and then I say, 'Go on, have another chance,' and I throw it back." Derrick Worthington, 49, a former Royal Marine who has been a water bailiff for 14 years on Wales' Pembrokeshire rivers, feels that "any bailiff who says the adrenaline isn't flowing when he is out stalking is lying." Worthington spends up to 80 hours a week stalking riverbanks for poachers, using night-light telescopes to spy on them.

But now poaching has become a growth industry, taken over by gangs who shanghai salmon the way more conventional bandits rob banks. Today's poachers use radio-equipped lookouts to check for water bailiffs, sophisticated systems of decoy cars to deploy their forces and middlemen to market their take. The object: big catches, swiftly and efficiently distributed. The only weapon the government men have is a truncheon, which, under antiquated rules, can be drawn only in self-defense. The poachers, meanwhile, sport a growing assortment of weapons

One proposed solution is a salmon-tagging stratagem similar to one used successfully in Canada. Legally caught salmon are tagged by the head or tail. Anyone—fisherman, merchant, even restaurateur—who handles an untagged fish could be liable to a sizable fine. ■

WEST GERMANY

Kitty Cornered

Are nine lives enough?

A lawyer offered his services, a rock group threatened to clobber the prosecutors, and a cat promised to mount a demonstration. Not many prisoners are greeted by such a flood of sympathetic responses. But then few convicts serving life sentences are two years old; fewer still have four legs. Bubu is, in short, no common or garden-variety lawbreaker. A green-eyed tomcat, he was recently found guilty of trespassing on a neighbor's property in the Bavarian town of Passau and sentenced to confinement on his own side of the fence for life. In addition, the local court threatened Bubu's owners with a fine of up to $200,000 if their charge strays again. As hundreds protested, even the judge was moved to concede that "from the human perspective, this verdict is not fully satisfactory."

Although Bubu landed on his feet, many fellow felines have been less fortunate. Taking the law into their own hands, ailurophobes around West Germany have launched a campaign to kill more cats than curiosity itself. Some have shot the creatures with air pistols or flung them to the ground from sixth-floor balconies. Others have poisoned, strangled, axed or blinded cats. Their rationale: cats gobble up plants, scratch the paint off cars and even startle innocents by peering at them through windows. As a result, an estimated 300,000 cats, perhaps 10% of West Germany's feline population, were killed last year alone. According to Dr. Erwin Muermann of the Bonn Cat Protection Initiative, the present epidemic of cattiness may have its roots in a 15th century bull of Pope Innocent VIII. It declared that cats were possessed by the devil, says Muermann, and caused 100,000 women who owned cats to be burned at the stake—accompanied, of course, by their pets.

Baffled Bubu

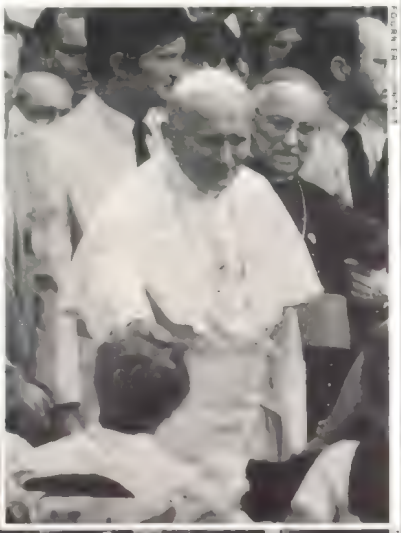
While some kitties have been tormented, up to 500 others each week have been abducted by teams of efficient criminals. Stealing up on their prey at break of dawn and using either tranquilizers or tantalizing goodies, the catnapers spirit the animals away to clinical experimenters, who require some 300 specimens each day. At $20 a cat, a resourceful thief can earn $50,000 a year.

Some cat lovers have tried to discourage torture and thievery by tattooing the ears of their cats. Yet some tattooed cats have already been found dead, with their ears cut off. Other concerned protectionists now advocate supervised spaying or simple incarceration of pets. But even with those precautions, many cats must wish they were leading a dog's life. ■

A Shrine to Faith and Healing

The Pope gives thanks at the wellsprings of Lourdes

By pilgrimage and personal example, Pope John Paul II has tried to encourage greater devotion among Roman Catholics to the Mother of God. His travels have included stops for prayer at such famous Marian shrines as Fatima in Portugal, Guadalupe in Mexico and Czestochowa in his native Poland. But a prospective 1981 visit to the most famous shrine of all, at Lourdes in southwestern France, had to be postponed when the Pope was shot in St. Peter's Square by Turkish Gunman Mehmet Ali Agca. John Paul believes that he owes his recovery from that attack to the Virgin Mary. Thus his two-day trip to Lourdes last week, marking the 125th anniversary of a shrine associated with healing, was a kind of thanks.



John Paul comforts the sick, above; souvenirs on sale at one of the town's shops

"Suffering remains difficult to understand and difficult to accept."

In 1858, at a grotto on the edge of Lourdes, a 14-year-old peasant girl named Bernadette Soubirous is said to have seen visions of the Blessed Mother on 18 different occasions. In one of those apparitions, Bernadette was told to dig in the grotto soil and "drink the water." The underground spring she uncovered is believed to have remarkable curative powers. After bathing in the waters or simply praying at the shrine, thousands of sick and handicapped people, an average of two every week, have claimed instant cures for conditions ranging from blindness to cancer. Church authorities have recognized only 64 of these incidents as miracles "not explainable by scientific means," after rigorous investigations by panels of medical specialists.

Last year alone, 4.4 million pilgrims came from Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas. The annual influx of visitors, which has grown by nearly 40% since 1966, has transformed Lourdes (pop. 18,096) into one of the busiest tourist spots in France. Only Paris and Nice have more hotel rooms. As the first reigning Pontiff to visit Lourdes, John Paul was also affixing a sort of Vatican seal of approval to a Catholic shrine that is controversial as well as popular.

Lourdes has long been the target of criticism from Catholics who are offended by the crass commercialism of the more than 700 religious souvenir shops, innumerable ice-cream parlors and other tourist businesses that line its narrow streets. Lourdes alarm clocks, fondue sets and cigarette lighters compete for shelf space with bottles of "Eau de Toilette à la Bernadette" (three scents), tin napkin holders depicting Bernadette and the Virgin, and plastic packets of "Lourdes Mints" guaranteed to be made from grotto water. There is also a tape cassette of Lourdes hits, including such saccharine hymns as *Avec Toi, Bernadette* and *Ave Maria de Lourdes*. The Pope's visit only added to the lively commercial buzz: I LIKE JOHN PAUL II buttons and T shirts appeared on the shelves overnight.

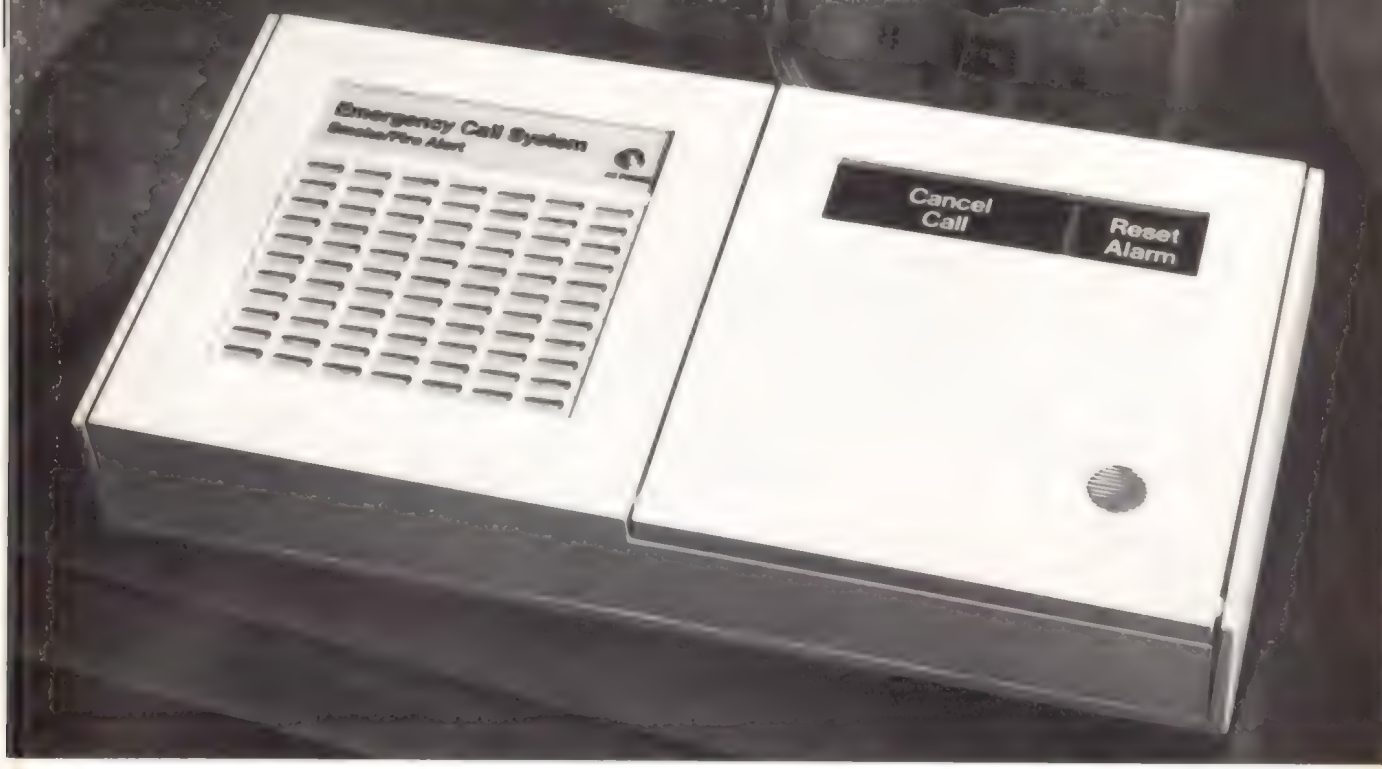
The Pope did not seem to mind at all. On the eve of his arrival the Vatican issued a leaflet in defense of Lourdes' tourist traps, noting that while many criticize the souvenir shops, no one forgets to patronize them. In an even more direct gesture, the Pope visited the mayor of Lourdes and drove through the commercial district before proceeding to the 47-acre sanctuary surrounding the grotto (where vendors are prohibited). Said he: "Is not the city of Lourdes the place *par excellence* where the sick are really at home, with the same rights as the healthy, with services and facilities fully adapted to them?" Indeed, for all its tacky flash, Lourdes treats with respect the sick who come there hoping to be cured. Wheelchairs wait at the front doors of all 390 hotels, and stretchers on wheels are rigged so that the ill can be transported to the grotto, ricksha-style, by volunteers.

John Paul led a candlelight procession to the grotto on Sunday, which was followed by an open-air Mass in an adjacent meadow on Monday, the feast of the Assumption, the religious holiday marking Mary's entry into heaven. The Pope noted that his visit coincided with the 2,000th anniversary of her birth.* The Mass was attended by 150,000 worshipers. That was far short of the expected 300,000, many of whom undoubtedly stayed away because of a terrorist act two days before John Paul's arrival. An anticlerical group calling itself Arrête Curés (Stop Priests) exploded an 11-lb. bomb just outside the grotto, shattering a 6-ft.-tall, cast-iron statue. There were no injuries, but the group threatened further violence (none occurred).

The most moving moment of the visit came at the close, when John Paul held a special audience for the sick. Walking quietly among the wheelchairs and stretchers, the Pope touched the lame, kissed the heads of small children carried to him by their parents, and blessed elderly cripples too weak even to speak. Finally, the Pope paused at the front of the grotto to pray in silence. For ten minutes he knelt, his head bowed, occasionally seeming to wipe away tears. Then he told his fellow pilgrims, "Faith assures us that the Lord can and wants to draw good from evil. Neither just nor unjust, suffering remains difficult to understand and difficult to accept, even for those who have faith." He might have been talking about himself. —**By Janice Castro. Reported by William Blaylock/Lourdes**

*According to pious legend, Mary was 17 years old when Jesus was born

THE FIRE ALARM SMART ENOUGH TO PHONE FOR HELP.



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Making Hostility a Media Event

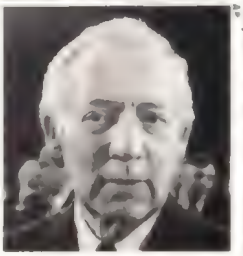
In West Germany, Uncle Sam is a journalistic whipping boy

Jets swooped in formation, spun in circles, flew upside down: the show at the U.S. Air Force base in Ramstein, West Germany, this month was flashy enough to draw some 300,000 enthusiastic spectators. Yet as the display appeared on West German television and in newspapers and magazines, the main event seemed not to have been the five-hour show, but rather the largely nonviolent arrest of about 250 left-wing demonstrators by U.S. military police. For the protesters, who sought to publicize their opposition to scheduled European deployment of U.S. medium-range nuclear missiles, the day was a triumph. The *Frankfurter Rundschau* (circ. 200,000) contended, "American soldiers on German soil were randomly beating, arresting and handcuffing demonstrators like criminals." The influential newsweekly *Der Spiegel* (circ. 970,000) said, "Soldiers, armed with bats and grim expressions, took the demonstrators, who did not put up any resistance, and threw them like cargo into army trucks."

Those stories were not a temporary outpouring of journalists' emotion, prompted perhaps by some roughhouse treatment of protesters by heavy-booted American soldiers. The coverage was typical of West Germany's ideologically charged press. Not surprisingly, given the close economic and political ties between Washington and Bonn, there is a preponderance of conservative and pro-NATO publications at the top in circulation. But a prestigious and disproportionately influential faction of West German journalism is assertively anti-American.

The hard-core antimissile movement certainly represents a minority in the Federal Republic, and polls show that the German public is as uneasy about Soviet militarism as it is about missile deployment. But to a number of trend-setting and leftist-oriented journals, including the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, *Spiegel* and the picture weekly *Stern* (circ. 1.6 million), the missile antis are the only side worthy of full coverage. Beyond that, *Stern* and other periodicals repeatedly accuse the Reagan Administration of insincerity in its arms-reduction talks with the Soviet Union in Geneva, and of a readiness to use Europe as a battlefield in a limited nuclear war. Said the *Frankfurter Rundschau*: "There have been hints from the U.S. that war could be limited, even if an inhabited Europe would no longer exist." Defense of American policy by West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl gets short shrift. Attacks on the Reagan Administration's commitment to peace by top Social Democrats are reported in full, except for a failure to note that former Social Democratic Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was a principal architect of the missile-deployment plan. Led by *Spiegel*, the leftist periodicals have depicted the U.S. as a nation of knee-jerk militarists, and simultaneously have managed to find the Soviets flexible and reasonable. Said *Spiegel* of Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov: "He has clearly engaged himself for peace."

Mistrust of the U.S. extends to the fundamental question of whether the country should look east or west in its diplomacy. Says Pollster Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann, director of the Allensbach research institute: "Some of the most influential media in Germany treat the question of the Western defense alliance in the main negatively." The Soviet-supported Sandinista government of Nicaragua and the Marxist insurgents in El Salvador enjoy favorable attention in much of the West German press; the U.S. is depicted as a regional imperialist. When Henry Kissinger was appointed by President Reagan to head a commission on Central American policy, *Spiegel* wrote that he "spoke with typical gringo arrogance." The negative emphasis extends even to minor matters: both *Spiegel* and *Stern* make frequent sneering references to the Hollywood background of President Reagan and his wife Nancy, and to the cowboy and gangster facets of the American heritage.



Periodicals on sale at a newsstand in Hamburg, the nation's publishing capital; from top, Executives Holzer, Dönhoff, Scholl-Latour and Springer

Despite such examples, many West German journalists ardently deny that there is any tinge of anti-Americanism in their nation's reporting. Argues Television Commentator Werner Höfer: "What there is, instead, is justified criticism of policies of the Reagan Administration." Pro-NATO journalists like Countess Marion Dönhoff, co-publisher of the upper-brow liberal weekly *Die Zeit* (circ. 404,000), contend that anti-American sentiment would dissipate with the restoration of even a more moderate Republican Administration. Other editors offer a range of reasons for an anti-American tenor, from resentment and envy of U.S. political power in the world to repercussions from the 1970s. Says Editor Werner Holzer of the *Frankfurter Rundschau*: "The young and the left had great love for the U.S., but then came Viet Nam and Watergate to change the picture, and we try to write about the reasons for that."

One possible factor in rousing anti-Americanism was former Chancellor Schmidt's open disdain for President Jimmy Carter, whom he regarded as ineffectual, and then for Reagan, whom he

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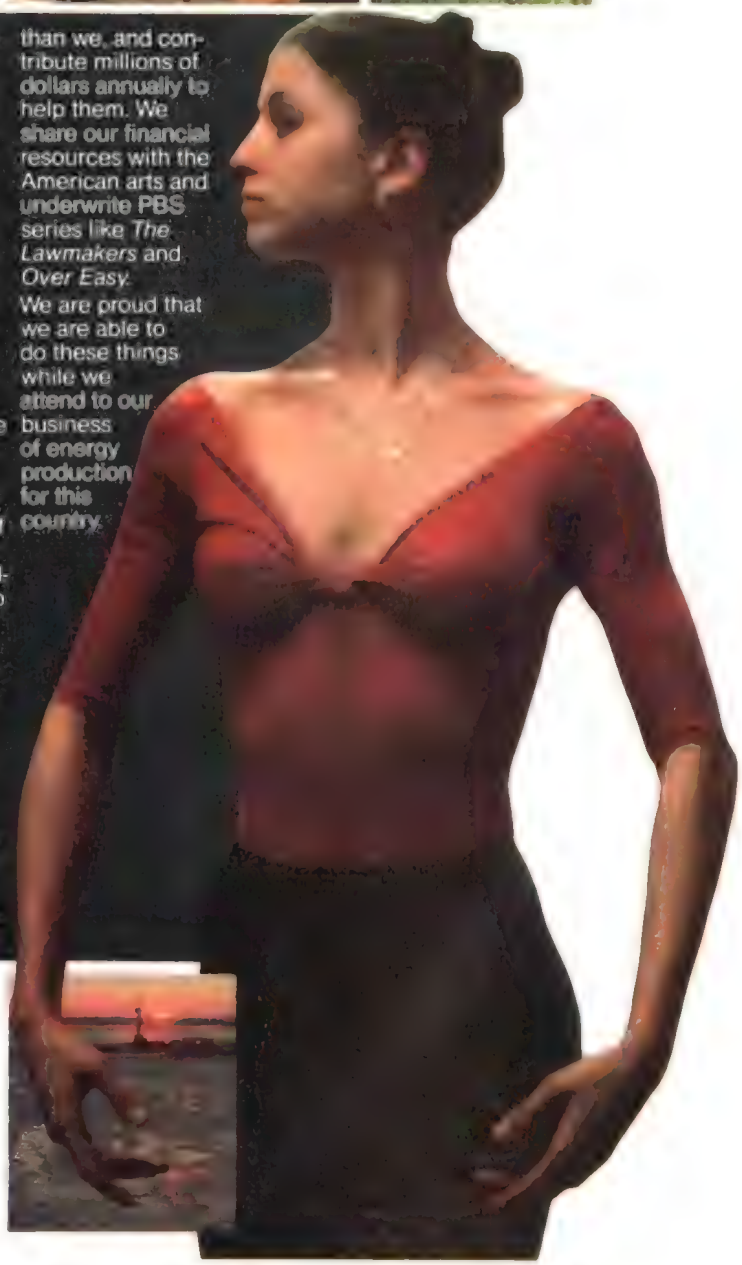

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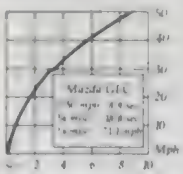

And you could easily be surprised at the acceleration generated by its 1.5-litre overhead cam engine.

Another surprise, in light of the GLC Sedan's outstanding overall performance, is its remarkable gas mileage. This is due in part to Mazda's new "thinking" carburetor that constantly adjusts itself electronically to reduce fuel consumption.

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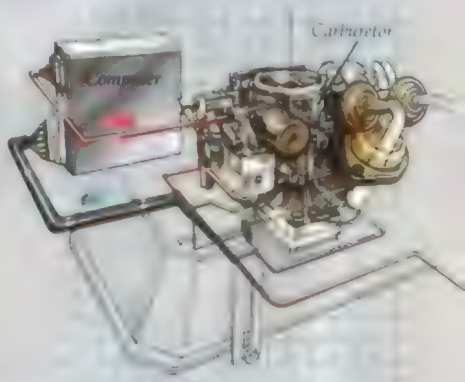
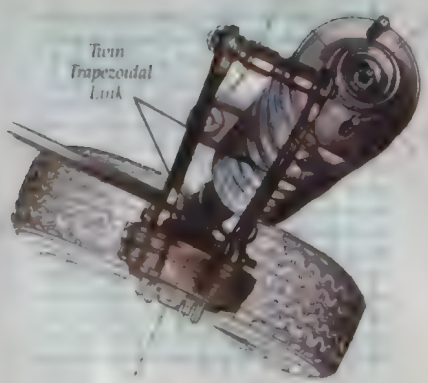
As you drive, the GLC's new "thinking" carburetor constantly adjusts itself to save fuel. Light sensors feed data (exhaust oxygen, engine speed, temperature, etc.) to a computer that selects the most efficient fuel-air mixture.



50 EST. HWY. MPG **36** EST. MPG EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. California 49 Est. hwy. mpg, 36 Est. mpg. * Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight.

economy sedan that's actually fun to drive.



The most important part of the GLC's independent rear suspension is Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arm. Its unique geometry enhances directional stability by causing the rear wheels to "steer in" when cornering or going over bumps.

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considered rigid and combative in dealing with the Soviets. Says Editor Theo Sommer of *Die Zeit:* "The new Chancellor has made a deliberate attempt to mitigate some of the tensions with Washington, and reporters cannot help but reflect that change in tone." Whatever explanations the journalists offer, however, anti-Americanism is often blatant, and it is only reflective of a larger problem of journalistic honesty. West German academics and intellectuals—a category in which most German journalists place themselves—tend to believe that progress is on the side of the left. Thus they are often reluctant to apply the same rigorous moral standards to the Soviet Union and its allies that they do to the U.S.

Certainly, by comparison to reportage in France and Italy, West Germany's coverage is more factual, if not always sufficiently careful or thorough; it is also less polemic, and less acutely polarized between journals of highbrow analysis and sensational gutter tabloids. There is a stronger tradition of investigative reporting in West Germany than in neighboring countries, though far less than in the U.S. West German reporters were encouraged to develop American-style standards of accuracy and objectivity by U.S. occupation forces in the 1940s and 1950s. Moreover, many of today's senior journalists were educated partly in the U.S.

Nonetheless, the West German press, unlike its American counterpart, is divided not only by ideology but also by political party. Papers are just as partisan in news stories as in editorials. In contrast to American newspapers, which may accompany a straight news story with an interpretive sidebar, West German journals often gloss over the news and publish the analysis. The conservative Kohl has powerful allies: the nationally distributed *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (circ. 332,000), probably the country's most influential daily and all but certainly its weightiest; *Die Welt* (circ. 210,000), the intellectual flagship of Press Lord Axel Springer's chain, and perhaps the most ardently pro-American, pro-Israeli and anti-Soviet publication in West Germany; Springer's giant *Bild Zeitung* (circ. 5 million), a sensationalized daily featuring bare-breasted pinups and imaginative stories of sex scandals that nonetheless enjoys unexcelled access to politicians because of its huge readership. Within the business community, Kohl's policies are backed by *Capital* and *Wirtschafts Woche*, magazines staffed by economists.

But publications on the left enjoy exceptional prestige. Clearly the most powerful is *Spiegel*, though it is also widely disliked for its unpleasantly dogmatic style. Its founder and publisher, Rudolf Augstein, 59, stridently argues that U.S. and West German interests inevitably are in conflict, particularly on the reunification of Germany. The weekly is by West German standards an enterprising investigative publication, and its ideology has not kept it from publishing stories that embarrass the Social Democrats. Last year *Spiegel* exposed payoffs to politicians, including SPD leaders, in exchange for tax breaks for the giant Flick conglomerate. More important, *Spiegel* has no real competitor in the country as a newsmagazine, and therefore is a favored recipient of political leaks. *Spiegel* is must reading in government and business circles.

Almost as influential as *Spiegel* on the left is *Stern*, which is both the most widely read of West Germany's four major pictorial magazines and the only one with serious, if erratic, journalistic ambitions. *Stern* was thrust into international notoriety in April as the publisher and purveyor of forged diaries purportedly written by Adolf Hitler. The diaries fiasco, which led to the ouster of two top editors, has cost the magazine about 10% of its circulation, an estimated $3.8 million in circulation and advertising income, and much of its credibility among fellow reporters.

Although the staff viewed the mismanagement of the diaries affair as a reason to claim greater control of the magazine's content, the *Stern* management installed a more conservative and prudent editor, Peter Scholl-Latour, a former television commentator. Says he: "We have readers who are not as far left as is sometimes thought. I do not want to bore them with too much ideology." Scholl-Latour describes the antimissile movement as "a fashionable tendency," and his view is having an impact. Though the magazine continues to report on the movement enthusiastically, an Aug. 4 cover showed a hand holding a rock and said, *"Gewalt—nein danke"* (Violence—no, thanks).

Also on the left are *Frankfurter Rundschau*, *Die Zeit*, a majority of reporters and commentators on West Germany's two major television networks, and many of the staff correspondents of the leading wire service, Deutsche Presse-Agentur. Left of center, but less partisan, is the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* (circ. 310,000), based in Munich, which spurns ideological zeal and is Germany's nearest equivalent to an independent centrist paper.

Broadcast journalism, which tends to be ponderous, pedagogical and visually dull, has less influence in West Germany than in the U.S. But it, too, is often outspokenly hostile to America. French Television Correspondent Michel Meyer reported in a study for the Aspen Institute, a U.S.-based nonprofit research center, that in almost two months of intensive viewing of West German television in late 1981, he "did not see a single broadcast that could be called positive or friendly toward the U.S., but numerous critical programs."

Television and radio reporting have a particular influence: while West German publications are not distributed inside East Germany, except at tourist facilities, West German broadcast news reaches millions of East Germans. The anti-American tone in much of the reporting would hardly seem to enhance the image of the West. But one prominent left-wing West German editor points out that journalism critical of the U.S., whether in print or broadcast media, may unintentionally make positive points about life in the West. Says he: "West Germany is in effect saying that we can criticize our big brother while they cannot criticize theirs." The editor sums up: "It is more interesting to report controversially. Our correspondents can do it from the U.S., and it would be nice to do the same from Moscow, but we would risk expulsion." It is reassuring that leftist journalists recognize that difference between the Soviet Union and the U.S. But their coverage might seem to have more intellectual integrity if they reflected that awareness more fully. —*By William A. Henry III. Reported by Gary Lee/Bonn*

Publisher Augstein, seated far left, meets with editors at the influential newsweekly *Spiegel*

Arguing in print that Soviet Leader Andropov "has clearly engaged himself for peace"

Buyers examine resort wear before opening of Dallas Apparel Mart

Designer Robbe Zanca, right, with new line at the Atlanta Apparel Mart

Economy & Business

Rough Times in the Rag Trade

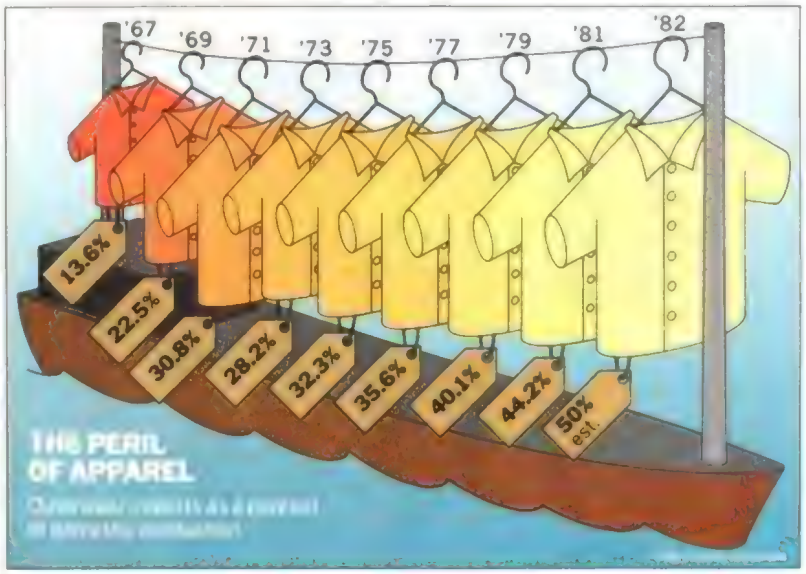
Coping with the New York blackout was easier than fending off imports

The break in a 68-year-old water main and the subsequent power outage that threw more than half of New York City's garment district into darkness for three days earlier this month could have been a disaster for the industry, coming as it did in the midst of the crucial "market week" for next winter's holiday and resort wear. But the tenacious and long-beleaguered garmentmakers treated the blackout as just one more obstacle to be overcome. Manufacturers moved goods by flashlight and held showings in rented rooms. Loyal buyers unable to place orders booked return visits. Even the garment workers union helped out by allowing employees to put in an extra hour a day without charging overtime.

By last week the usual traffic jams, clutter and noise had returned to Seventh Avenue, or Fashion Avenue as the industry likes to call it. Predictions that the blackout would immediately cost the district some $500 million in lost sales, half the season's total, were put aside. The latest estimate is that losses ultimately will reach only about $30 million. "This is a very resilient industry," said Eli Elias, executive director of the New York Skirt and Sportswear Association. "I guarantee you, in 30 days you'll never know there was a blackout."

Perhaps not. But the industry's quick recovery masks some underlying troubles. The garment trade, which shipped $19.5 billion worth of women's and children's apparel last year, has never been weaker. Since 1973, at least 600,000 jobs have disappeared, leaving fewer than 1.9 million. Low-wage producers in the Far East and Latin America are gobbling up American markets like a Pac-Man run amuck. Hardest hit among U.S. manufacturers is Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, which has the largest share of domestic apparel sales. It is beset by relatively high labor costs, exorbitant rents and a panoply of other problems that come from doing business in the heart of a huge city

New York is also being challenged by a host of new American fashion centers. Other big cities, many in the Sunbelt, have set up markets that are siphoning off a growing share of sales. So while New York was still coping with the aftereffects of the blackout last week, Atlanta was celebrating. The Atlanta Apparel Mart is the first stop after New York on the August fashion tour for many women's wear manufacturers, and customers were placing orders in Atlanta that they could not make in New York. Said Bob Edelstein, regional sales director for Crazy Horse, a sportswear maker: "Many buyers I would



normally see in New York. I'm seeing in Atlanta." On the first day of the show, which coincided with the third day of the blackout, attendance was up 70% from a year earlier.

By the time the show was over, the Apparel Mart figured it had added as much as $75 million to its usual $350 million in sales for the season. The one-time windfall could also produce some long-term gains. Having seen Atlanta for the first time, some of the buyers suggested they would be coming back and cutting down on their New York trips. Says one insider: "Face it, a lot of these people don't like New York in the first place. The hustle, the crime and the bad image plague the city. For them, discovering Atlanta is like finding a life raft."

Wheeling racks of clothing through Manhattan's garment district

Dallas began its resort wear show last week too and hoped for a big increase in business, until it was drenched in rain from Hurricane Alicia. Still, Neiman-Marcus decided to shop at the show in its own city rather than make a second trip to New York after the power failure.

Usually a distant second place to Seventh Avenue, California is emerging as a major design and manufacturing center. Once limited mostly to bathing suits and sportswear, it now turns out a wide range of garments from blue jeans to couture originals. The California garment industry employs some 145,000 people, two-thirds of them in Los Angeles. Its sales, $3 billion last year, are growing at an annual rate of 12%. By contrast, U.S. retail sales of women's and children's clothing, the mainstay of the Manhattan garment district, increased only 4% last year.

California designers have developed their own styles, noted for their creativity and novel use of pastel colors. Manufacturers meanwhile reap the advantages of cheaper and more abundant space, a large supply of foreign labor and a fast-growing customer base.

Nonetheless, the West Coast fashion industry has trouble shaking its feelings of inferiority. California has a shortage of trained workers such as patternmakers and sewing machine operators to turn out quality garments. Specialty items, such as fancy buttons and exotic fabrics, are often in short supply. California buyers sometimes shun local designers in favor of more prestigious labels from New York or Paris. Even the designers find themselves looking over their shoulders. Says Maddy Le Mel, co-owner of t.h.e. design house in Los Angeles: "I couldn't exist without frequent trips to New York. The best sales reps are there, and the better models are there."

One problem shared by the entire American fashion industry is imports. Since 1973, the amount of clothes shipped from abroad (excluding lingerie and hosiery) has grown from 28.2% to an estimated 50% of U.S. production. Even in sluggish 1982, the value of foreign-made apparel increased almost 10% and totaled $7.1 billion.

Longtime suppliers like Taiwan, Hong Kong and Korea are being joined by new ones like Sri Lanka, Malaysia and parts of the Caribbean and Mexico. Since all these countries have access to the same machines and patterns in this low-tech business, their cheaper wages allow them to drive down costs. The typical garment worker in China makes 16¢ an hour; in Taiwan 57¢, and in Hong Kong slightly more than $1. President Sol Chaikin of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union contends that his members "are not fat-cat steelworkers or auto workers." Their average wage is just over $5 an hour.

The move to foreign goods has been

A Perky New Look

While the U.S. garment industry has been going through some dark days, both literally and figuratively, the early spring and resort-wear fashions for 1984 now on display in designer showrooms are the brightest and boldest in several seasons. America's fashion pacesetters are counting on the economic recovery to make women more confident and carefree when they shop for clothes. A year ago, in the midst of the recession, muted pastel tones dominated the top designers' collections, but now the lines shine with brassy shades of red, blue and green. In the way they are cut and the way they flow, the new tops, skirts and dresses are daring, distinctive and sometimes a bit naughty. Observes Kalman Ruttenstein, a vice president at Bloomingdale's, Manhattan's ultra-chic department store: "Often in tough economic times, designers lose their sense of whimsy and feel that women prefer to invest in serious clothing. But this season the clothes are perky and upbeat."

Perry Ellis is showing a line of cotton and linen boat-neck tops that can easily slip down on one side to uncover a shoulder, as Jennifer Beals' sweatshirt did in the movie *Flashdance*. Expected price range: $50 to $150. Calvin Klein is offering a sleek and sexy new backless sundress ($190). For buyers wanting something a little more modest, Klein has oversize chambray linen shirt dresses ($290) that can be tied tight at the waist or left free to ripple in the wind.

Norma Kamali's "super dirndl"

For hemline watchers, the news is mixed. Some designers are still trying to revive miniskirts, but in general, hemlines are going down, reaching to mid-calf or even lower. Explains Zack Carr, head of Klein's design studio: "The longer length looks more relaxed and gives a sense of languidness."

Some designers have taken striking new directions. Ralph Lauren, whose Southwest look a few seasons ago sparked interest in prairie skirts and cowboy shirts, is now touting a nautical line designed to make lifelong landlubbers look as if they belonged on a yacht. The centerpiece: a navy serge officer's jacket, complete with braided gold trim and shiny brass buttons, for $470.

Norma Kamali, who stormed the fashion world with her sweatsuit look in 1981, is now unveiling the "super dirndl," an *haute couture* version of the traditional peasant dress still worn in Austria and parts of Germany. With their tight torsos and broad, billowing skirts, the Kamali dresses ($96) are sure to turn heads. To go with her clothes, the designer has come up with perhaps the most eccentric item of the season: pigskin high-heel shoes encased in vulcanized rubber that lace up over the ankles ($45). Kamali may give new life to the old rock-'n'-roll exhortation from the mid-'60s: "Put on your high-heel sneakers!"

accelerated by the renewed popularity of private-label merchandise. Retailers like New York City's Lord & Taylor and Houston's Sakowitz have become disenchanted with designer products because the widely available garments have lost much of their exclusivity. Halston's name, for example, now appears on J.C. Penney's dresses. Even worse, designer clothes frequently turn up in discount and off-price stores that are multiplying like fried-chicken outlets. By promoting their own label, retailers can guarantee exclusivity as well as protect their profit margins. Since the manufacturer's name is not important, the private-brand goods are often made overseas.

Lower production costs do not necessarily translate into cheaper price tags on the rack. According to Chaikin, department stores have been taking higher and higher markups on their clothes. Twenty years ago, stores added only about 65% to the wholesale list price; today the margin exceeds 100%. Chaikin contends that imported items are marked up even higher so that they sell at the same prices as domestically made goods.

The American garment industry has been frustrated in its efforts to halt imports. In deciding a fortnight ago to allow Chinese shipments to grow about 3% a year, the Reagan Administration gave Peking only half the amount that it had wanted, but further angered U.S. manufacturers nonetheless. Complains Mac Levy, executive director of the New York Coat and Suit Association: "The Administration hasn't done anything but hurt us all along the line."

To compete, some U.S. garmentmakers are turning to illegal sweatshops, where they employ undocumented aliens who earn about $1 or $1.25 an hour. Such operations already account for an estimated 10% of all women's and children's clothing. Since many manufacturers contract out 90% of their cutting and sewing operations to smaller shops, they may be using illegal labor without knowing it. Or they may not want to know. With transactions off the books and final costs low, sweatshops are a good deal for everyone except the workers.

It is tempting to compare Seventh Avenue with that other fabulous Manhattan invalid: Broadway. But while a few new hits could restore the sparkle to Broadway, the garment district faces more serious trouble. Its attempts to compete with foreign manufacturers on the basis of cost seem doomed to failure. Few other U.S. industries have been able to succeed against those countries in the production of mass goods. It may be that Seventh Avenue would do better by concentrating on such higher-priced goods as tailored suits and evening gowns, where it can add style and value. Then it could leave the production of such inexpensive items as T shirts and designer jeans to low-wage producers abroad. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Adam Cohen/New York, with other bureaus*

Searle workers pouring the new sweetener

How Sweet It Is

Coke's aspartame generation

Sweet-toothed but calorie-conscious Americans constitute a mammoth market for soft drinks, but there have been problems among the profits. Cyclamates and saccharin, artificial sweeteners used in soft drinks during the past generation, were thought to cause cancer, at least in laboratory animals. Cyclamates were generally banned in 1970, but Congress saved saccharin by requiring a warning label on drinks that contain it.

Now comes aspartame, which has been tested to a farethee-well by the Food and Drug Administration. Last week Atlanta's Coca-Cola introduced a new version of its diet Coke, containing a blend of saccharin and NutraSweet, drugmaker G.D. Searle's trade name for the aspartame. The new Coke is already on sale in Birmingham and will appear in Chicago, New York City, Washington and all other major American markets by year's end.

Diet Coke, which so far has been sweetened entirely with saccharin, made its debut a year ago and has since become the fourth-bestselling soft drink in the U.S. Some Coke lovers claim the drink has an aftertaste, but Brian G. Dyson, president of Coca-Cola USA, said the new diet Coke will deliver better flavor and attract male consumers, who are "less likely to make taste sacrifices for dieting."

Coca-Cola's announcement put it ahead of archrival Pepsi-Cola, which is not happy over Coke's head start. Said one official curtly: "Pepsi will announce its plans in the near future." Coke's move marks the first time in 30 years that a major producer has led the market with a new drink. Innovations usually have come from smaller bottlers. By moving first, Coke will act as a giant magnet to draw others to aspartame faster.

And sure enough, Coke's announcement barely made, Royal Crown Cola, also of Atlanta, tried to do Coke one lesser. It said that its Diet Rite Cola, the first diet soft drink ever (1962), will also be sweetened with aspartame and will contain no caffeine or, another first, sodium.

Aspartame, 200 times as sweet as sugar, has had a bitter journey since being accidentally discovered in 1965 by a Searle scientist researching an ulcer drug. Aspartame-sweetened Diet Rite and diet Coke have already been sold in Canada, and diet Coke has also quenched thirsts in Ireland and Scandinavia, but the U.S. introduction had been held up by the FDA, which was wary after its approval years earlier of cyclamates and saccharin. Aspartame won FDA acceptance in 1974, only to be pulled back after some scientists voiced concern that the substance might cause brain damage.

After two years of research, a panel concluded that the studies were sound. Other reviews were conducted by a board of inquiry made up of three scientists from outside the FDA. In 1981 approval was granted for aspartame's use in such items as General Foods' Kool-Aid and Searle's table-sugar substitute, Equal. Last month, describing aspartame as "one of the most tested food additives ever evaluated by the FDA," the agency ruled it safe as a soft-drink sweetener after no ill effects showed up in people who had consumed five times the recommended maximum daily dosage for 28 weeks.

Aspartame's biggest remaining problem is its cost. It is 20 times as expensive as saccharin. To keep down their prices, Coca-Cola and other bottlers will be mixing aspartame with saccharin, in secret proportions. Squirt & Co. will sell its grapefruit drink, though, sweetened entirely with aspartame.

For Searle, a favorite stock on Wall Street in the 1960s that fell on hard times in the 1970s, aspartame could add as much as $500 million a year by 1985 to the company's 1982 revenues of about $1 billion. But Searle may soon have some competition. American Hoechst, the U.S. arm of the West German chemical company, is preparing to introduce a somewhat similar sweetener called acesulfame-K. The diet soft-drink market seems big enough for all comers. Sales, now at $4 billion, could double to $8 billion in coming years if the new artificially sweetened drinks live up to their good-taste claims. ■

The Big Sell-Off

Gulf + Western slims down

Charles Bluhdorn was one of the earliest and flashiest corporate conglomerateurs, a master of the unfriendly takeover. Starting with a small auto-parts company in 1958, he assembled an incredible array of disparate businesses into Gulf+Western Industries (1982 sales: $5.3 billion). Bluhdorn eventually bought some 100 companies large and small, ranging from Paramount Pictures to publisher Simon & Schuster to New York City's Madison Square Garden. In one six-year period, he brought 80 firms into what became jokingly known as "Engulf and Devour." Bluhdorn died in February at 56 after a heart attack, and his successors are in no mood to keep up that pace. They are contracting Gulf+Western almost as fast as Bluhdorn expanded it.

Last week the new management team headed by Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Martin Davis, 56, announced a major streamlining program to rid the company of low-profit operations. Among the cast-off candidates: Arlington Park race track near Chicago and Roosevelt Raceway in New York, manufacturer E.W. Bliss, and Sega's video-game-making unit. The moves would save the company about $470 million in tax write-offs, but produce a loss of $215 million this year.

The divestitures were just the latest ordered by Davis, who went to Gulf+Western from Paramount in 1969 and took over immediately after Bluhdorn's death. Davis had earlier moved to sell off $650 million of company-owned stock in 30 companies, leaving the conglomerate with some $150 million in such holdings. The money was used to bring down the company's mountain of debt to $1.2 billion. Davis then also sold Gulf+Western's 21.4% stake in Brunswick, the sports-equipment manufacturer, for $97 million.

Davis has likewise chopped away at the company's work force, reducing it by about 10,000, to 47,000. Two weeks ago, 35 managers were dropped. An earlier casualty was David Judelson, Gulf+Western's president, who was passed over for Bluhdorn's job and resigned. Judelson had overseen the disastrous multimillion-dollar investment in developing batteries for an electric car that made a splashy debut in June 1980 but then dimmed.

Gulf+Western officials believe that Bluhdorn would have approved the breaking up of the empire he built. Says Executive Vice President Neil Call: "He would be concerned about how fast we're doing it." Bluhdorn sensed that the conglomerate had got out of control and sold Brown, a paper-products firm, insurer Providence Capitol and cement producer Marquette. Davis completed the sale of Consolidated Cigar for $120 million.

Vice Chairman Davis

Pointless mixing of dissimilar firms now seems finished at Gulf+Western. Says Shearson/American Express Analyst Scott Merlis: "Few of their businesses were related to their other businesses." Instead, the company now seems determined to focus sharply on a few areas: consumer products (apparel, Kayser-Roth; home furnishings, Simmons), entertainment (Paramount) and financial services (Associates Corp.)

Gulf+Western is only the latest company to follow the newly fashionable divestiture route. Such firms as Beatrice Foods, Quaker Oats and General Electric have all sold off major holdings during the past year. In 1969 cigarette maker R.J. Reynolds attempted to diversify by buying Sea-Land Industries, an ocean transportation firm, for some $500 million. But last week Reynolds let it be known that it is considering raising anchor on Sea-Land. The 1960s was the decade of the big buy-up; the 1980s may be the years of the big sell-off. ■

The economy continues to pick up speed with surprising swiftness. The Federal Reserve Board reported last week that U.S. industrial production, led by sharp increases in the output of steel and autos, surged 1.8% in July, the eighth monthly increase in a row. Convinced that consumers will continue spending freely, companies are rushing to rebuild their inventories. And with good reason: retail sales in July increased 10.3% from the same month a year ago. Sales of domestically produced autos jumped 38.5%, while home furnishings, including furniture and appliances, were up 8.5%. Many economists now forecast that overall growth in the gross national product from July 1 to Sept. 30, after adjustment for inflation, will be in the 7% to 8% range. That would approach the stunning 9.2% annual rate recorded in the second quarter. Says Walter Heller, who served as President Kennedy's chief economic adviser: "Growth will be brisk."

A few signs, however, point to a cooling off by year's end. The increase of about 1.5 percentage points in mortgage rates over the past few months, for example, has slowed the pickup in construction. The Commerce Department reported last week that new housing starts in July, at an annual rate of 1,741,000 units, were down .6% from June. Otto Eckstein, a Harvard economics professor, predicts that the housing slowdown will help reduce G.N.P. growth in the fourth quarter to a 5% annual rate. For an economy in which inflation remains a constant threat, that may be a better cruising speed than the current pell-mell pace.

Creative Zoning

Bonuses for builders, at a price

The first American zoning law was passed in New York City in 1916 to limit the size of new skyscrapers that were casting shadows on nearby streets. But now city fathers in several revenue-strapped cities are using zoning regulations as a money-saving way to improve the local urban landscape. City planners will permit developers to put up new buildings only on the condition that they also improve the area around the new structure, at their own expense.

The toughest new zoning requirements have been laid down in overcrowded San Francisco. Since 1981, the city has forced developers to pay for the construction or renovation of a certain amount of housing whenever they put up a major office building. The idea is to create new dwellings for the people who will work in the offices. Should the developer balk, he must contribute $6,000 to a housing bond program for each 1,000 sq. ft. of new construction.

Developers have so far paid $5 million into the bond program. A few describe the city's zoning laws as extortionate. Others have tried to make the rules work in their favor. While building a 24-story office tower in the San Francisco financial district, Texas Real Estate Developer Trammell Crow satisfied the letter of the law by installing 33 posh condominiums on the upper floors and put them up for sale at $400,000 to $2.5 million each. Crow eventually got to keep his apartments, but other builders were warned against violating the spirit of the housing regulation by constructing luxury units.

Other cities are now evaluating the San Francisco model. Seattle is considering adopting a similar plan. Officials in Santa Monica, Calif., where a moratorium on new construction was imposed for six months in 1981, forced one builder with plans for a $150 million shopping-office-hotel complex to agree to a package of concessions. They include construction of 100 low-cost housing units, a child-care center and a 3½-acre park, plus a $2.25 million contribution over 20 years to a city cultural fund.

Montgomery County, Md., offers bonuses to developers for providing certain public facilities. If they build pedestrian walkways or include an entrance to Washington, D.C.'s subway system as part of their buildings, they are permitted to increase floor space or add extra stories to new structures. The county has also set up a novel way to protect farmland from suburbanization. Farmers can sell "rural development rights" for their property to builders, who can then use those rights in such urban areas as Bethesda and Silver Spring. The farmer gets paid, his land is protected from builders, since the development rights have already been sold, and the construction firm gets to build more rentable space in another part of the county. A similar scheme is being used in Dade County, Fla., to halt construction in the eastern Everglades, and rights from the Everglades can be transferred to communities like Key Biscayne, where development causes less environmental damage.

IBM's tree-filled Manhattan atrium

A new way to spruce up the neighborhood.

In New York City, developers commonly add plazas at the ground level of office towers in return for permission to erect taller skyscrapers. IBM was granted the right to build five extra floors for creating a tree-filled atrium at the foot of its Madison Avenue building. But now the whole zoning program is running into serious problems. Citizen groups complain that some plazas are so poorly designed and maintained that they discourage public use. At the Harley Hotel, which is co-owned by Multimillionaire Harry Helmsley, iron spikes were installed in seating areas, which kept people out of the public space. After a protest last month, the spikes were removed. Builders of an office tower on the fashionable East Side were given permission to construct additional floors on the condition that they improve the nearby subway station and put in a small shopping area. The extra floors went on the building, but the local improvements have not all been made. The New York City Planning Commission has now taken the developers to court in an effort to force them to keep their end of the deal. But despite those complaints and problems, New York and other hard-pressed cities are likely to continue using innovative zoning as an inexpensive way to spruce up the neighborhood. ■

Never Mind

A billion-dollar back-out

American Express apparently leaped before it looked hard enough. Little more than a month after it had trumpeted an agreement to buy Investors Diversified Services, the main subsidiary of Alleghany Corp. and a major marketer of mutual funds and life insurance, American Express last week backed out of the deal. The company was admitting, as Wall Street had been saying all along, that the price for IDS, some $1 billion in American Express stock or nearly three times Alleghany's book value, was too high. American Express left open the possibility of a new agreement but only with "revised terms and conditions." Translation: Alleghany must slash its price.

American Express coveted IDS because of its 4,500-member sales force that doggedly peddles financial products, often door to door, to 1.3 million customers. Negotiations between American Express and Alleghany proceeded quietly for three months, but when an agreement drew near in July, word of it leaked out on Wall Street. As a result, Alleghany's stock started to shoot up, and the deal had to be concluded quickly. Only after the announcement of its proposed acquisition was American Express able to launch a complete study of IDS's operations.

What American Express learned stirred a round of second-guessing at the company's executive suites in New York City. Officials were concerned that it might be extremely expensive to adapt IDS's computer system to process the broad array of products that American Express sells, including financial-management accounts, traveler's checks and credit cards. In addition, American Express began to fear that some of its top managers would have to spend too much time integrating IDS operations into the parent company. All along, American Express was nervous about IDS's lackluster performance on the bottom line. Alleghany's earnings, which come mostly from IDS, were down 7.9% last year, to $62.8 million.

The fate of the deal is now in the hands of Fred M. Kirby II, the reclusive, aristocratic chairman of Alleghany, who inherited the helm from his late father in 1967. Though the company's headquarters are in New York City, Kirby operates out of his father's wood-paneled, gold-carpeted office in a 175-year-old white clapboard house in Morristown, N.J. The family owns 43% of Alleghany stock, and Kirby once called IDS the "crown jewel of [our] business affairs." He may resist parting with that jewel at anything less than a royal price. ■

Why So Many Banks Go Belly Up

Misconduct, mismanagement lead to a near record failure rate

A financial thunderbolt struck the tiny farm community of Danvers (pop. 920) in west-central Illinois one Friday this month. The First National Bank of Danvers, the only bank in town, with 2,560 accounts and about $11 million in deposits, was declared insolvent by federal authorities and shut down until new owners could reopen it under another name. That same day 2,000 miles away, the Oregon Mutual Savings Bank in Portland also closed its doors before being taken over by an Idaho holding company. The bank had seen its net worth fall nearly 20% in just six months. Said President Jack Goetze: "Without a capital infusion, our net worth would have been seriously impaired in another ten months."

No longer does a bank failure result in angry customers milling outside locked doors, or widows and orphans being stripped of their life savings. Closings have become so routine that agencies like the FDIC perform them with robot-like precision. Typically, authorities move in after business hours on Friday and freeze accounts. By the following Monday, they have either paid off the depositors or allowed another bank to assume control. But such transitions are not without cost. The FDIC spent $870 million last year, mostly to compensate private financial institutions for taking over bad loans. Moreover, bank shareholders can see their investments vanish when the financial institution goes under.

JOHNSON—THE TENNESSEAN

One of 35 closed in 1983: Nashville's United Southern Bank; inset, a sealed night depository

Some problems arise from negligence or bad judgment, others from criminal misconduct

Bank failures used to come in isolated outbreaks. During the 1960s and '70s, they averaged fewer than ten a year. But despite the stronger-than-expected economic recovery, they are now occurring at a worrisome rate. Across the U.S., more than one bank a week is failing. By year's end, the number of failures, now 35, should easily beat the post-Depression record of 43 set in 1940. (Runner-up: 1982 with 42 failures.)

In Texas, anxious depositors withdrew $447 million during the first half of the year from the First National Bank of Midland (assets: $1.5 billion), whose loans to oil and gas producers turned sour. Earlier this month, the bank reported a second-quarter loss of $109.3 million. Many banks are now teetering on the brink of collapse. At the end of July, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation listed 540 "problem" banks, ranging from small state-chartered ones with too many weak agricultural loans to nationally chartered banks with bad business loans. Among the 540, the FDIC secretly lists dozens as likely to fail unless they are soon merged with healthier financial institutions. Says John Downey, chief national bank examiner for the Comptroller of the Currency: "The number is the highest I've ever seen it."

Part of the blame for the rising number of failures belongs to the recession and its complement of bankruptcies and defaulted loans. But increasingly, the problems are due to poor bank management. Says an FDIC attorney: "We find examples of actionable negligence on the part of bank officers and directors in virtually every case of a closed bank."

Some examples involve sheer stupidity or the failure to make a move at the right time. Two weeks before First National Bank of Danvers failed, its officers filed a suit against former President Terry Winterland, claiming he made loans without adequate collateral. Replies Winterland, 41: "I can't comment without getting my nose crossways, but I'm not the culprit they say I am."

Other cases may involve outright criminal misconduct, such as intentional fraud or dishonesty, by bank officials. In California, scene of a rash of failures, Consultant Gerry Findley says there has been "a pattern of insider abuses that included sweetheart loans and deals to organizations that officers are involved in." After the collapse of Jake Butcher's United American Bank of Knoxville, Tenn., in February brought down another bank formerly controlled by him and five other financial institutions directed by his younger brother C.H., the FDIC identified bad loans totaling hundreds of millions of dollars. Many of them had been made to friends, relatives and business associates.

Bank failures are one effect of the growing deregulation of financial institutions. Since interest rate ceilings on savings deposits were lifted last year, banks have been cut off from easy sources of cheap money and have had to increase sharply the rate of return they pay on deposits. In addition, deregulation has made banking more competitive. In California, the number of banks has surged from 242 four years ago to 387. They must now also compete with such firms as Shearson/American Express, Merrill Lynch and Prudential-Bache, which offer accounts that operate much like the savings and checking accounts once offered only by banks. With everyone striving for more business, risks grow and profit margins shrink.

A banker's job has not been made any easier by the rapid and unpredictable changes in the economy over the past 18 months. Banks that gambled on interest rates going down when they actually went up find themselves paying out more for deposits than they were charging for loans. Real estate investments turned sour after mortgage rates hit 17.5%; oil and gas deals fell apart when energy prices dropped. Other loans that looked profitable when the rate of inflation was expected to be running at 15% became disasters when the rate dropped below 5% and stayed there.

Despite the hard times and high risks, the number of new commercial banks being started still outnumbers failures 10 to 1. A bank is still a good place to make money, and the outlook will improve even more as the recovery gathers force. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III.*

Reported by Ross H. Munro/Washington, with other bureaus

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MEET THE MEN BEHIND THE LEGENDS

Western Hist. Dept. Denver Public Lib.

Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day, 1866.

Missouri Hist. Soc.

Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality.

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COVER STORY

Risking It All

The spirit of adventure is alive and well

There is a priggish voice inside most of us that complains, on hearing about someone like Geoffrey Tabin, "Where would we be if everyone jumped off bridges on long rubber bungee cords?" Bobbing boozily up and down, *yoing, yoing, yoing*, that is where we would be. Can't have that; no one ever got any aluminum siding sold or orthodontia bills paid while dangling from a bungee cord. And Tabin, a Harvard medical student, admits that an alcohol-fueled, top-hat-and-tails leap off of Colorado's 1,053-ft.-high Royal Gorge bridge in 1980 required "no skill, just a little stupidity and a fairly calculated risk."

Thus it is gratifying to learn that Tabin, 27, who carried off his stunt with several other members of something called the Oxford Dangerous Sports Club, has moved on to more mature concerns. He is in fact a member of an American mountaineering expedition in Tibet that intends to make an ascent without oxygen of Everest's forbidding and unclimbed East Face. George Leigh Mallory, the great British climber who died on Everest while making a summit attempt in 1924, had written of the East Face that "other men, less wise, might attempt this way if they would, but, emphatically, it was not for us." Tabin, tracked down with his colleagues in China last week, said, "The most difficult and scary part is explaining to a Jewish grandmother that you're taking time off from medical school to do it." He also said that he would like to make love on top of Everest but had no realistic hope of doing so.

Tabin and Teammate George Lowe, 38, tried to climb the East Face in 1981 and failed. They are, of course, expert mountaineers, who know the formidable dangers they confront. But this seriousness presents a problem in comprehension for citizens who like to think of themselves as solid. Everest's weather is as foul and unpredictable as any in the world, the avalanches of its snow fields and the icefalls of its tumbled glaciers pick off climbers every expedition or so, and the deadly thin air toward its 29,028-ft. summit debilitates and stupefies the mountaineers it does not sicken or cripple. What craziness is this to be serious about?

There have always been adventurers, footloose and sometimes screwloose, and their careless "Why not?" has always stirred alarming and delicious fears in settled souls whose timid question is "Why?" But Dr. Livingstone has been found (alive on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, in 1871, by Anglo-American Journalist Henry Morton Stanley), the Atlantic has been flown in a single-engine aircraft (by Lindbergh, in 1927), the polar regions have been explored (by an assortment of frauds and heroes), the world has been circumnavigated singlehanded (first by Joshua Slocum from 1895 to 1898), and all of the 14 mountains higher than 8,000 meters (26,400 ft.) have been climbed. Space is there to be rummaged, but not, at least in this century, by lonely daredevils.

Swimmers in Lake Michigan, off Chicago, contest water leg of the Bud Light Triathlon, and that is just one part of it

Today's adventurers must contend with the irksome truth that much of what is grand and gallant has already been done. What remains is to repeat the great feats of the past in a more difficult manner or to invent stunts whose nature is often, necessarily, more than somewhat bizarre. Thus we see the attempt by Mountaineer Tabin's group to climb Everest by an approach once thought foolhardy, and the astonishing accomplishment of Italian Superclimber Reinhold Messner three years ago of reaching Everest's summit alone and without oxygen

The variety of labors that the new adventurers think up for themselves these days is rich and nutty and, in contemplation, forms a splendid fruitcake of the human spirit. Mighty aerial voyages are undertaken in planes as fragile as moths, and transatlantic crossings are made in sailboats only marginally longer than their pilots. There are specialists in climbing frozen waterfalls and skiing slopes too steep to stand on, and in exploring underwater, with scuba gear, caves so deep that helium must be mixed with the oxygen that is breathed, to forestall nitrogen narcosis. A couple of canoeists have just lined their craft up the Grand Canyon and portaged the Rockies. An unemployed actress named Julie Ridge swam twice around Manhattan Island this summer (about 28 miles); although the publicity did not bring her a job, she said she felt better about herself

Glittery-eyed monomaniacs jump off cliffs and buildings with parachutes, because this is more dangerous than humdrum skydiving. People climb skyscrapers, both on the inside (in organized races up stairways) and on the outside. One of the nerveless outside operatives, "Spider Dan" Goodwin, managed to lever himself up the Sears Tower in Chicago despite efforts of affronted city firemen to hose him away. And at an airfield in New Jersey, Pilot Grace McGuire, who bears an eerie resemblance to the late Amelia Earhart, will assemble a 1936 Lockheed Electra 10E, the kind of plane Earhart used, with the intention of next year completing the famed barnstormer's fatal last flight in the Pacific. She plans to take only equipment

Demon Rappeller Ben Colli shows technique for his annual July 4th jump from the top of the Peachtree Plaza hotel in Atlanta

Equipped with axes and crampons, two ice climbers maneuver on frozen mass of an ice field in Alberta

identical to that on Earhart's plane. Her fuel will give her 21 hours of flying for the 2,556-mile first leg from Lae, New Guinea, to Howland Island in mid-Pacific, which allows "not much reserve."

These are the extremes of adventuring, but people who consider themselves ordinary are doing things that would have been thought outlandish ten years ago. Rafting the Colorado River now seems almost sedentary, and trekking in the Himalayas is no more than an extended outing. Sane and prudent citizens sign up for ice-climbing lessons and for bicycle tours across China. Your neighbor's teen-ager hang-glides. It is hardly worth mentioning when a 50-year-old man or woman runs a marathon, although the triathlon, which may consist of a long swim, a bike race and a complete running marathon on the same day, still raises a few eyebrows.

What is happening is that the incandescent souls who need to be thought extraordinary are being pushed to ever greater feats. These self-assigned heroes range across a startling spectrum, and some of their wave lengths are distinctly strange. Many of them breathe publicity as if it were oxygen. Others work at self-promotion without pleasure and only because their dreams cost a lot of money to realize (a major Himalayan expedition can employ several hundred porters carrying to base camp and dozens of high-altitude porters, and can cost a quarter of a million dollars or more). A few of these fearless exotics are so shy as to be detectable only on infrared film. Hang around climbers for a while, and you hear stories like this: Mountaineers C and D make what they think is a first ascent, only to find unmistakable evidence on the same slope that someone has been there before them. They grumble about this to a group including Climbers A and B, who actually made the ascent without telling anyone. A and B agree gravely that this is rotten luck and still do not reveal themselves.

Technology is another goad, and it pushes adventurers in at least two directions. Fixed-object parachutists can succeed in their scarifying dives, most of the time, because new square-shaped, directional chutes allow them to guide their descent away from the buildings and cliff faces from which they jump. Without modern self-steering gear, singlehanded

Long Distance Rower Peter Bird off Sausalito on departure day of epic voyage that ended at Australia's Great Barrier Reef

sailing would be even riskier than it is. Attempts to better the land-speed record on skis (129.3 m.p.h.) and on a bicycle (140.5 m.p.h.) could not succeed without space-age equipment. Although plenty of high-tech gear is used in rock-climbing, the trend here is away from technology and back to technique and nerve: what once were aid climbs (those in which the climber's weight sometimes hangs on artificial devices) are being done as far more difficult free climbs (all of the weight on rock at all times). Difficult routes are often done alone and, sometimes frighteningly, without safety ropes.

The ultralight aircraft that waft across the landscape look less like chicks of the Concorde than like those of the Wright brothers' rickety gliders. Ultramarathon runners, who race 50 miles or more at a stretch, return to the technology of dawn-age hunters loping across African grasslands: the repeated flex of feet and knees, the drumming rhythms of lungs and heart.

Superclimber Reinhold Messner at home in Italy

Yes, but what for? To what real end? These exasperated questions, of course, are also asked about life, but ordinary people can point out that although we are stuck with life's ironies, it is quite possible to ignore those of Everest. It may be, nevertheless, that these conquistadors of the useless, in Mountaineer Lionel Terray's phrase, are instinctively acting out their views of existence: the building jumpers' that life is short and absurd, the expedition climbers' that it should be an exalting struggle, and so on.

Possibly. The fact is that even highly intelligent adventurers are notoriously bad at answering one of two questions that they are always asked (the other question is whether they have a death wish, and that answer is easy: no). Everyone remembers *ad nauseam* that Mallory, perhaps in some brown mood of irritation or boredom, intoned "Because it is there" when asked why he wanted to climb Everest. The pomposity of the answer is so far out of character that it seems likely that what he meant to convey was "Go away and stop asking good questions."

Peter Bird, 36, is a London-based photographer who was rescued on June 14 on Australia's Great Barrier Reef, after 296 days of rowing 9,560 miles alone across the Pacific from San Francisco. He had abandoned a successful photography business and left a girlfriend ashore, and he recalls fretting for months about why he was risking his life. "I invented all sorts of answers, but none of them was honest." The truth dawned in mid-ocean, as he was listening to a radio interview with a man who, as he remembers, had resailed the route Captain Bligh followed after he was cast adrift from the *Bounty* by mutineers. "He had come up with all these reasons, to prove Bligh's logs were right, to prove Bligh was a good sailor, but none of it sounded right. It didn't fit. I thought, 'It's an adventure. You don't have to justify it. It's just an adventure.' "

Fair enough, but because the physical and psychological costs can be so high, the search for an explanation is understandable. Bird had done one long row with a friend in 1974, from Gibraltar to St. Lucia. By 1980, he says, the idea of rowing across the Pacific had filled his mind until "I couldn't think of anything else. It almost shouted and screamed at me all night."

Bird's first try ended in wreckage on the rocks at Maui in the Hawaiian Islands. He spent 15 months building and outfitting another boat, sleeping on floors because he had no money. Last August, he set out again. He was delayed for three months by the troublesome El Niño current and spent the time listening to the BBC and brooding about nuclear warfare and Israel's invasion of Lebanon. In tapes he made at the time, his speech is painfully slow; photos he made of himself show a sad and serious face. When his boat broke up on the Barrier Reef, as he is careful to say, he was a mere 33 miles short of landfall.

Bird clearly feels well repaid for the three years of obsessive effort he spent on the rowing project, even though he must now lecture his way out of debt. He will not row the Pacific again ("There's nothing more to be learned"), but he admits cheerfully that the germs of more adventures are stirring in his head.

Australian Electronics Millionaire Dick Smith, 39, is another sort of swashbuckler. He landed his Bell Jetranger III helicopter in Fort Worth not long ago, after flying around the world in three stages. Smith is notorious for his publicity stunts, but his troubles were real enough. He was shot at by fishermen off Greenland, he landed in quicksand in Burma, and over the northern Pacific bad weather nearly forced him to miss a refueling ship. Smith's understated conclusion: "I was extremely lucky to get back. I would never try it again."

Any good pilot will point out quickly that adventures are precisely what you do not want to have in the air, and Don Taylor's flight across the North Pole this summer was gratifyingly dull. Taylor, 64, is a former World War II fighter pilot who built his tiny, all-metal experimental plane several years ago from a plan by retired Aircraft Designer John Thorp. He flew around the world in the little ship, which weighs 1,500 lbs. empty and has a wingspan of 21 ft. 11 in., and set a number of speed and distance records. He decided to donate the plane to the Experimental Aircraft Association at its convention in Osh-

Triathlete David Horning trains for the Alcatraz Challenge in the hills of Marin County

The barriers are self-created and psychological: if you say you can't, you probably won't.

kosh, Wis., and flew in from Phoenix by way of the Pole. The trip north across Canada required seven hops, and on July 31, after 10 hr. 1 min. of dodging cirrus clouds to avoid icing, Taylor became the first person to reach the Pole in a plane so small. "I overflew it, identified it, took some pictures and got the hell out," he said. "That's a really weird place."

Aviator Larry Walters had a roughly similar experience last year. He built his own aircraft, flew it to 16,000 ft. without problems, and landed well pleased with himself, though entangled with a power line. The difference is that the California truck driver's vehicle was a lawn chair supported by 42 helium weather balloons, which he popped, one by one, with an air gun when he decided to land. He was fined $1,500 by the Federal Aviation Administration, but despite that said he had carried out the dream of a lifetime.

It was only eight years ago that John Moody, lacking the money to buy a conventional light plane, put a go-cart engine on a hang glider and putt-putted 300 yds. through the air. Moody, now a Kansasville, Wis., ultralight-plane dealer, started a fad that last month took Joe Tong of Lecompton, Kans., through the amazed heavens from California to New York. Tong's 250-lb. ultralight plane made the trip in a record 18 days. But Tong was not fast enough to escape arrest for a bad check he had dropped in Grand Rapids, Minn., during the trip. Police let Tong go when he made restitution (a reneging backer had caused the check to bounce, he said), and off he flew, talking enthusiastically of making an ultralight flight to the North Pole.

Pilot Grace McGuire with Lockheed plane like Amelia Earhart's

This is fine, lighthearted stuff, the kind of escapade that tastes good later with a few beers. Sailors talk cheerfully about buoys disastrously missed in fog, and climbers about snow-cave bivouacs that lasted for days. Still, the risk takers know that sailors drown and mountaineers fall. There is a casualty list, and the chances of ending up on it increase with the risks. Balloonist Maxie Anderson flew across the Atlantic five years ago in his great silver *Double Eagle II;* early this summer he and Partner Don Ida crashed and died in Bavaria during a balloon race. In 1978 a New Zealander named Naomi James, 34, became the first woman to circumnavigate the world alone via Cape Horn, only a brief time after learning sailing so that she could share an interest with her yachtsman husband Rob. She retired from competitive sailing to raise a family, and last March her first child, a daughter, was born. Eleven days earlier, Rob had drowned in a yachting accident.

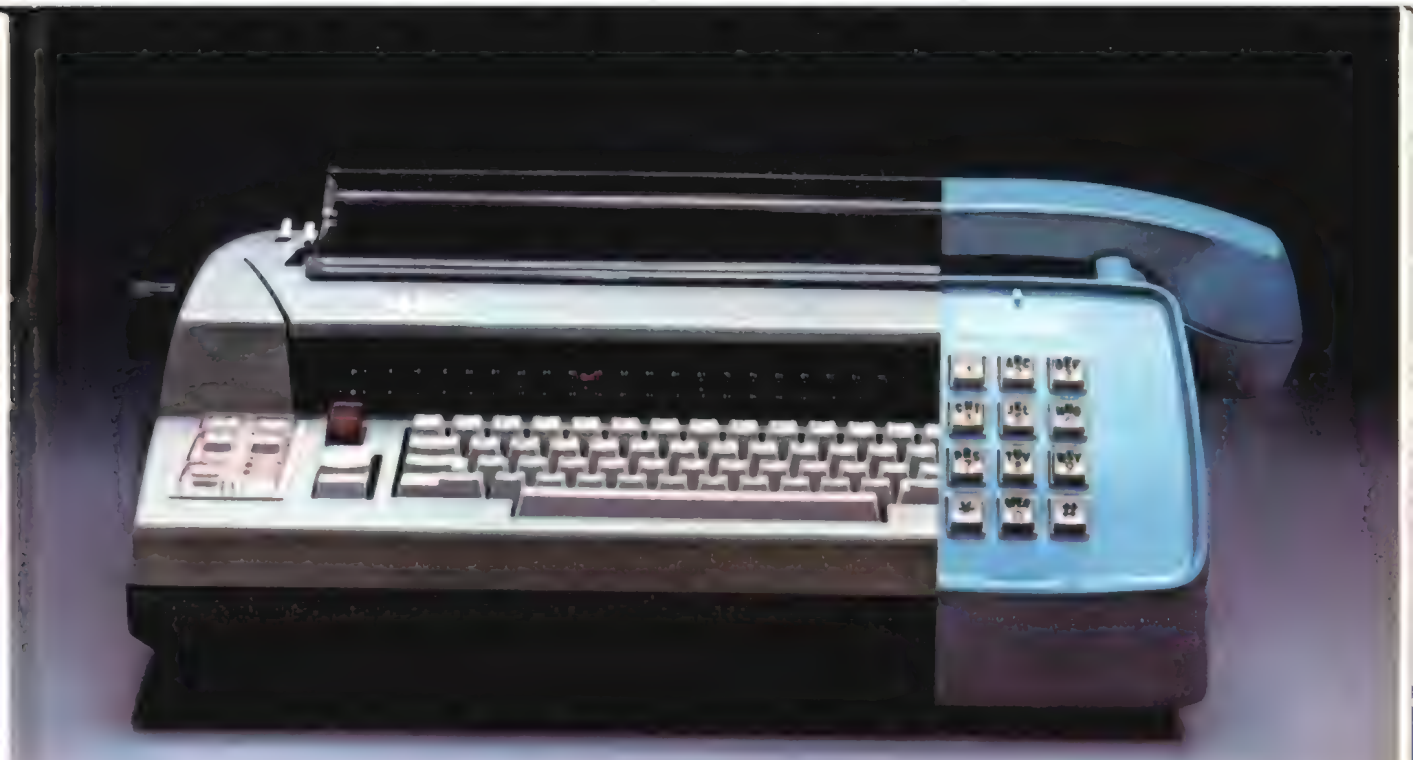
Reinhold Messner, 38, the solo climber of Everest, has paid a price for his fame as the world's strongest expedition climber. He talks with the rocklike confidence of all the mountain world's hard men, saying, for instance, that Everest by the traditional Hillary-Tenzing route is "a good holiday, but not really challenging." Messner has never used oxygen in his life, he says with a trace of pride. But he offers freely the opinion that his memory has been dulled by long periods of oxygen deprivation. There have been other prices. His brother Gunther died in an avalanche while climbing with him on Nanga Parbat, in the Himalayas. Messner has lost several toes and parts of three fingers to frostbite. And he admits that it was not worth it. "If somebody had told me, on the next expedition you will lose your toes, I wouldn't have gone. But you don't know what will happen before it happens. It's like asking, 'Is your life worth your death?' "

What seems clear is that no adventurer, in his own mind, is a daredevil. Even the most extreme risk taker talks like an astronaut of safety gear, of weather carefully calculated, of redundant strengths to cushion failure. What really protects them, however, seems to be their abnormal awareness of how very much alive they are. "You know about accidents," says a rock-climber. "But it's always the guy next to you, never you." How could it be you? But this inspired state does not often last a lifetime. Climbers have seen the pattern again and again: three years of stupefying ascents, of moving confidently upward along cracks so subtle and fine that normal fingers cannot even feel them, and then the prodigy loses his magic, backs off, gets serious about a love affair, goes to graduate school, finds a reason to avoid those nearly supernatural 5.13 pitches (rock climbs are graded in difficulty from 5.1 upward, and until the present generation came along, 5.10 was considered the unreachable ultimate).

John Bachar, 26, is a Yosemite climber who has pushed strength and skill to a level that astonishes even other good rock apes. Equipped with nothing but boots and gymnast's chalk, and unbelayed by safety ropes, Bachar flows up pitches graded 5.8 or better. Gym workouts have

Retired Fighter Pilot Don Taylor arrives in Oshkosh after North Pole flight in his homebuilt craft

Dodging clouds and ice on an Arctic voyage that proved gratifyingly free of adventures.



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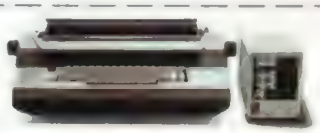

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given him steely arm and finger strength, but superb technique and unshakable concentration are his most powerful adhesives. He may work out a sequence of ten or so moves to take him up an overhang hundreds of feet in the air, then discover that the route cannot be forced any farther. Without delay, before his muscles begin to tire and shake, he must then perform the ten-move ballet perfectly in reverse order. "You can't forget the fact that you're right next to the edge all the time," he says. "If you make any kind of mistake, you're going to die."

Such an acute focusing of effort cannot be repeated endlessly. A German mountaineer who in his 20s spent three frightful weeks on the north face of the Eiger in Switzerland during midwinter laughs about the recollection and says that he does not do such things now that he is in his 30s. He pulls out his wallet like a traveling businessman and shows a picture of his wife and two sons. "This is what I think about now."

Ah, but the craziness has a fine ring to it while it lasts. One of the most appealing adventure stories of recent years is what might be called the Every Now and Then Transatlantic Singlehanded Ridiculously Small Boat Derby. The first entrant was the late Robert Manry, a Cleveland newspaperman who in 1965 sailed across the Atlantic in his 13½-ft. *Tinkerbelle*, a craft so tiny that it looked like a bathtub toy. Years passed—it takes a certain sort of person to enter the Ridiculous—and last year Briton Tom McClean sailed from Newfoundland to England in an absurd craft called the *Giltspur*, more than 3 ft. shorter than *Tinkerbelle*.

McClean, now 41, a former Special Air Service warrior who runs a survival camp on an island near the Hebrides, had already rowed singlehanded across the Atlantic west to east in 1969, and his record of 70.7 days still stands. But his Ridiculously Small Boat celebrity vanished in only two weeks, when Bill Dunlop, 42, a former truck driver from Mechanic Falls, Me., bobbed into the harbor at Falmouth, England, in *Wind's Will*, a teapot just over 9 ft. long that he had sailed from Portland. The two became friends, but McClean was not having second best; he told Dunlop that he would chain-saw several inches from *Giltspur* and sail the Atlantic again.

As he was preparing to do so, another American, an unemployed computer technician named Wayne Dickinson, washed up on the rocks of Ireland in *God's Tear*, 142 days after setting sail from Point Allerton, Mass. *God's Tear*, indeed; Dickinson's boat was about 2 in. shorter than Dunlop's. McClean now had two American tiny-tub artists to beat, and earlier this month he succeeded, despite a broken mast in the Bay of Biscay, reaching Portugal in the bobtailed *Giltspur*, now a mere 7 ft. 9 in. overall. "The more people say a thing can't be done," said he, "the more I think I can do it."

Giltspur could diminish even further; its owner is only 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and he still has his chain saw. But Dickinson is not rushing to challenge the record. Dunlop, meanwhile, could not be bothered about such trifles. Three weeks ago, he left Portland, Me., to sail *Wind's Will* around the world. He said he would be back some time in 1986, although he would not say just when. "I might be a day or two late," said Dunlop. "I don't want anyone down on the dock waiting for me."

The Ridiculous Boat concept could be extended; sailors with money might begin to wonder, for instance, what is the largest craft controllable by a single person in a transatlantic run. But to a certain breed of determinedly independent risk takers, sailing lacks originality. Sailing has been done. Mountain climbing has been done. What has not been done? Ben Colli, 36, an Atlantan who specializes in washing the unwashable window—the exterior of the blue dome of Atlanta's Hyatt Regency hotel, for instance—thought about this a few years ago. Then on New Year's Eve in 1976, as a party stunt for the hotel, this wiry and deceptively calm-looking man, by descent part Italian and part Algonquin Indian, took off his clothes, put on a baby diaper and, holding a long mountain rope, jumped from the dome of the Hyatt Regency's 22-story atrium. He fell free, then slowed himself with the sort of rappel brake that climbers use and landed to cheers from the crowd. Colli, who had practiced for three weeks, says now that he did not know then how dangerous the jump was. But he kept on jumping, and now every July he jumps off the 75-story Peachtree Plaza hotel in Atlanta. He bounces down his 7/16-in. nylon kernmantel rope in 150-ft. to 200-ft. swoops, and the 750-ft. fall takes 28 sec. He wears padded gloves to work his J bar, or rappel rack, which creates the braking friction.

"There's a breeze up there that I love. It keeps me away from the building," he says. The rappel rack is dangerous: "If you got your hair caught in the bar on the rope, it could jerk your scalp off." He must miss a retaining wall at the bottom and land facing the building on 2 in. of frame. Colli, a soft-spoken man who says, "I'm looking for a good time," has a wife, Jill, who water-skis and snow-skis with him, and three daughters by a previous marriage. He is in demand around the country among hotel managers whose establishments are in need of being jumped off of. Two months before a big jump, he starts preparing himself mentally. He loves the sensation. "You feel these free falls in your heart," he explains. "You are euphoric. When I'm in the jump, I hate to see it coming to an end."

Actress Julie Ridge, who swam two laps around Manhattan Island, poses at site of her triumph

Adventuring, not always grand, is what matters to free souls who say, "Why not?"

Listen to Carl Boenish: "Jumping is like a knife cutting through all the malarkey of life. Truth is radical." Boenish, 42, is a California parachutist who finds a surprisingly lyrical kind of satisfaction in jumping off of buildings, bridges and cliffs. He and his friends are shunned by the conventional skydiving establishment, which regards them as airborne Hell's Angels, mostly because the trespassing often involved in fixed-object jumping (but not the leaps themselves, Boenish quickly points out) is illegal. One of the great early jumps, from which springs the present fad of BASE (for Buildings, Antenna towers, Spans and Earth) jumping was made in 1970 by Rick Sylvester. He skied off of Yosemite's 7,569-ft. El Capitan, popped a chute and floated down to the meadow below. Some 120 bandit jumps followed, and finally, in 1980, the park grudgingly began handing out permits, a futile and short-lived exer-

cise in imposing bureaucracy on a sport that is inherently anarchic. Boenish, said to be among the more responsible BASE jumpers, seems to hunger for respectability when he says, "We have been trying to educate the public as to why we do it." This is a difficult educational problem, as he admits, because it involves, for one thing, explaining to an uncaring world why he on one occasion jumped off of El Cap on a pogo stick.

At times it seems that almost everyone who has laced on climbing boots or set a spinnaker has written a book about the experience. Although reading such stuff can be fun, the armchair adventurer feels a certain guilty unease. At this very moment, for instance, while the reader's arteries are slowly clogging, alarmingly energetic people like David Horning are out there somewhere, training for races like the Alcatraz Challenge. This is a particularly gruesome example of the newly popular self-torture called the triathlon: a 1.5-mile swim in cold and swirling water from San Francisco's Alcatraz Island to Aquatic Park, a 20-mile bicycle trek that crosses the Golden Gate Bridge, and finally a 14.5-mile run from Mill Valley to Stinson Beach across Mount Tamalpais.

"A real challenge," says Horning, 35, a Berkeley sports entrepreneur and marketing consultant who is one of the country's top triathletes. (This week he is off to China to promote the first triathlon in the People's Republic.) Horning has broken his back and both legs in separate skiing accidents, and he was born an epileptic, but he discounts these liabilities. The biggest barriers are self-created and psychological, he tells people whom he is trying to hook on the triathlon. "People are always saying 'I can't.' Well, if you say that, you probably won't."

And if you won't, you will never find Waring's bear. He is out there somewhere, that bear, but you have to go looking for him. George Waring, 42, is an ophthalmic surgeon from Atlanta who does a lot of bigwater expedition kayaking. Once in Alaska he and a friend were sluicing at high speed along Prairie Creek, in the neighborhood of Mount McKinley. The creek was 30 ft. wide, and it was fast and rocky. Salmon slapped the bottom of their kayak. Abruptly they came upon a grizzly in the water, fishing for salmon. There was no way to stop or get out of the creek, so Waring and his friend went on paddling. They passed 20 ft. from the grizzly, which ignored them and perhaps did not see them.

They will see that bear, however, until they are old men. And if adventuring needs a justification—Peter Bird is probably right that it does not—this may be it. Candidates for bear-watching escapades who hesitate because they are middle-aged might consider the case of Phil Weld, a former newspaper publisher who will be 70 next year. He had led a fairly active life—he served during World War II behind Japanese lines in Burma with Merrill's Marauders—but until 1970 he had done no deepwater sailboat racing. He had read Sir Francis Chichester's books, however, about transatlantic sailing, and began to learn. By 1976 he had built a big trimaran called *Gulf Streamer*, and was heading for England in the boat to take part in the Ostar singlehanded transatlantic race. A huge wave turned *Gulf Streamer* turtle, and Weld and a friend were trapped in the upside-down hull. It took them three hours to cut their way out, and they rode the hulk for five days before being rescued by a Soviet freighter. In 1978 Weld was back to run the Ostar in another trimaran, this one wryly named *Rogue Wave*. He did not finish in the money, but he finished. Weld finally won the Ostar in 1980 and set a record for the race in a third trimaran, called *Moxie*.

Near the finish in Portugal: Tom McClean and his son

Last week Weld, once again sailing *Rogue Wave*, ghosted home into port in light air. He had just won a race off Maine's Monhegan Island, but his mast had come loose during a blow off Cape Elizabeth, Me., and he had needed the help of two powerful young crewmen to get it tethered again. The experience left Weld, who had intended to race in the next Ostar, convinced that he no longer had the raw strength necessary for it. He said, without bitterness, that he would write a letter of withdrawal to the race committee.

His new challenge, Weld added cheerfully, was learning how to be 70. He has plenty of projects. He is interested in wind power: "This is not for the beard-and-sandals set; it's hard-nosed utility stuff." He is involved in a project to design small, cheap trimarans for Third World fishermen. And, yes, he will still do some ocean racing, with friends as crew.

In the meantime, this tall, well-weathered sailor had some observations about voyaging:

▸ It nourishes the explorer instinct. It provides the sense of adventure that animates youthful souls.

▸ Voyaging hardens the physique. New sleep patterns, enforced low alcohol intake and unsullied air clean the senses. One loses weight. It is a health cure.

▸ Solo voyaging sharpens perceptions. The lone sailor must develop animal cunning to avoid hurt. Forethought can prevent the cuff on the ear from the flailing genoa sheet.

▸ Voyaging requires learning new skills: pilotage, navigation, meteorology, the use of tools. Such schooling stimulates the brain.

▸ Alone at dawn, one has time and quiet to ponder the verities. One achieves a sense of the earth's rotundity, and acquires some hints of The Scheme.

What else does one learn? Ah, said Weld, one learns that trimarans turn over. One learns to stash cutting tools in the bilge. And smiling, he went off after this latest of many voyages to his seaside home in Gloucester, and Anne, his wife. —*By John Skow. Reported by Steven Holmes/Los Angeles, Joyce Leviton/Atlanta and Peter Stoler/New York, with other bureaus*

Home from the sea: Ocean Racer Phil Weld in Gloucester

MORE THAN A NEW LOOK, A NEW OUTLOOK.

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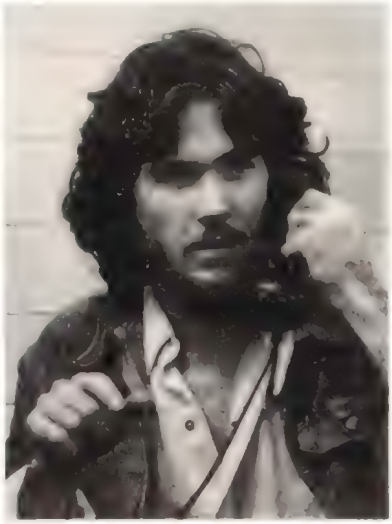
Cinema

Romance of the Rosenbergs

DANIEL *Directed by Sidney Lumet; Screenplay by E.L. Doctorow*

We know that Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, the Depression-era bank robbers and murderers, were really a couple of lovable kids who just got their stars crossed. The movies told us so. Now audiences are to be instructed in the exemplary lives of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. Sure they were convicted and executed for conspiring to pass atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. But we know that the 1950s were a time of anti-Red hysteria; the sitting judge on the Rosenberg case might have been Joe McCarthy. How do we know? *Daniel* tells us so. Alas for Sidney Lumet, history hangs like a crape cloud over his new film. *The Rosenberg File*, just published to a chorus of raves, scrupulously documents Julius Rosenberg's involvement with a Soviet spy ring; Ethel was probably a knowledgeable but passive member of the cabal. Since the authors' preliminary findings were published in 1979, *Daniel's* angry grimace looks like a rictus of brazen naiveté.

Be generous for a moment. Grant Lumet and Screenwriter E.L. Doctorow (whose novel, *The Book of Daniel*, the film follows closely) creative license and a clean slate. *Daniel* is, after all, the story not only of Paul and Rochelle Isaacson, but also of their children Daniel and Susan and their attempts to understand and revive what the film's press notes describe as the Isaacsons' "dream of social justice."



Hutton searches for the truth

Picnics, baseball and Joseph Stalin.

The film flashes fro and to in both time and style, alternating the fluorescent glare of the late 1960s, as Daniel (Timothy Hutton) searches for the truth about his parents, with the hazy twilight glow of his parents' day, when spellbinding romantics saw a golden future for American Communism.

The oldtime Communists were a strange breed: passionate and crafty in agitating for civil and union rights but blinkered idealists against the evidence of repression, even genocide, within the Soviet Union. These radical "good Germans" had their excuses, as do all true believers. But were they as ingenuous as Daniel makes them out to be? On the film's testimony, U.S. Communists were a folk-singing choir who loved picnics, baseball and Joseph Stalin, roughly in that order. Paul Isaacson (Mandy Patinkin) was the party's star *tummler*, strutting as vivaciously on Death Row as he would have on the Borscht Belt. And Rochelle (Lindsay Crouse) was a righteous, steel-rimmed Yiddish mama.

As fact or as fancy fiction, *Daniel* rarely achieves its ambitions. Hutton, Crouse, Amanda Plummer (as Susan), Ellen Barkin (as Daniel's wife) and Tovah Feldshuh (as a childhood friend) are among the most talented and persuasive of young stars; here they are either given little to do or are buried in charmless roles. One brief sequence suggests the film's potential power. At a rally for their parents, Daniel and Susan, then 12 and 7, are passed toward the stage on the upstretched hands of the faithful; the children are moved and frightened by this show of support that also seems like the cheek-tweaking of thousands of doting aunts and uncles. For the rest of the film, though, ambiguity gives way to a fierce, sentimental rhetoric that does no justice to the Old Left, and subverts *Daniel* as well.

—*By Richard Corliss*

Hot Summer II

Last summer, after the U.S. movie industry had begun its rebound from a 2½-year slump to record the biggest box-office grosses in its history, the story was front-page news and real tinsel was flying from every flagpole in Bel Air. This summer the lines outside movie theaters are even longer, but nobody seems to be shouting. The industry appears so robust that its latest gains are almost unremarkable. According to *Variety*, ticket sales were up 10.5% for the month of July, and about 9% for the year so far, over comparable 1982 figures.

The financial contours of summer '83 are similar to those of '82: one supersmash (*Return of the Jedi*) from the mega-hit monopoly of Spielberg-Lucas (the six top alltime grossers, including last year's *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*, were either produced or directed by Steven Spielberg or George Lucas); one surprise hit from early spring that gained momentum by the summer (*Porky's* in 1982, *Flashdance* this year); and the usual olio of comedies, thrillers and musicals. As of last week, seven 1983 films had earned more than $50 million: *Jedi* ($216.9 million), *Flashdance* ($74 million), *Trading Places* ($72.9 million), *WarGames* ($61.8 million), *Superman III* ($61.5 million), *Octopussy* ($59.6 million) and *Staying Alive* ($50.9 million).

Cruise and De Mornay in *Risky Business*

Chase and family on their *Vacation*

A pair of comedies dominate the late-summer box office. *National Lampoon's Vacation* is a lame, hard-to-sit-through farce starring Chevy Chase as a food-additives specialist who takes his '50s sitcom family on a calamitous cross-country car trip. The other hit, Paul Brickman's *Risky Business*, is yet another entry in the lamentable tits-and-zits genre of teen-age sex comedies: a young man finds love and success by becoming a pimp. Still, this film is deftly made, the humor nicely understated, the leading actors (Tom Cruise and Rebecca de Mornay) smart and appealing. *Risky Business* has eyes to emulate *Flashdance* as a sleeper smash. If it does, *that* will be news.

NASA Readies a Nighttime Dazzler

Aboard next week's shuttle flight: America's first black astronaut

"This is going smooth as silk." Thus, with only days to go, NASA Spokesman Jim Kukowski ebulliently described the final launch preparations for next week's flight of the *Challenger* space shuttle. Lift-off for the eighth mission of NASA's Space Transportation System, known as STS-8, is scheduled for Aug. 30 at 2:15 a.m. at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida, just two months after *Challenger's* historic flight carrying the first American woman into space. That is the shortest turnaround time yet between shuttle flights. This time there will be three more firsts: the nighttime launch, a nighttime landing and the presence in the crew of a black astronaut.

The lift-off will mark the U.S.'s first nocturnal launch of a manned spacecraft since *Apollo 17* roared away in a blaze of fire and smoke shortly after midnight on Dec. 7, 1972. The glow was seen by residents of the Great Smoky Mountains, 500 miles away from Cape Canaveral. The spectacle of the STS-8 launch should be even more brilliant: the shuttle's engines and twin solid-fuel rocket boosters will generate a temperature of 6,000° F., double that produced by the *Apollo*.

The orbiter's landing, planned for 12:43 a.m. on Sept. 5 at Edwards Air Force Base in California, will be eerie in a different way. Like a huge ghost ship, the 100-ton *Challenger* will silently sweep in over the Mojave Desert with nary a beacon light blinking. It will not be visible until it is about 200 feet above the runway; then it will begin reflecting the illumination from batteries of xenon searchlights along the strip.

NASA's nighttime dazzler, while useful practice for future shuttle service, is required by the mission's major objective: putting into orbit a giant communications and weather satellite for India. The $45 million instrument will be spun away from the *Challenger* on the second day of the flight. To site it correctly, the shuttle has to be placed in a different orbit from its seven predecessors, one that can be achieved only through a night launch. And because of the rigid rules of orbital mechanics, only a night landing is possible. Otherwise, the spaceship would have to circle the earth for a month before finding a daytime window through which to come down.

The mission specialist aboard STS-8 who will launch the satellite from the shuttle's payload bay is Air Force Lieut. Colonel Guion (Guy) S. Bluford Jr., 40, America's first black astronaut, though not the first black in space. That distinction belongs to Arnaldo Tamayo Méndez of Cuba, who was sent aloft with Soviet cosmonauts in 1980. Other members of the crew: Navy Captain Richard Truly, the flight commander, flying his second shuttle mission; Navy Commander Daniel C. Brandenstein, the *Challenger's* pilot; Navy Lieut. Commander Dale Gardner, who will help deploy the Indian satellite; and Physician William E. Thornton, who will study physiological changes in space.

Bluford, reserved and witty, is a veteran of 144 combat missions in Viet Nam with a Ph.D. in aerospace engineering. Growing up in Philadelphia, where his father was a mechanical engineer and his mother a teacher, he spent hours building model airplanes. "I wanted to design planes," he says. "It wasn't until I got into the Air Force ROTC program at Penn State that I started to develop a strong interest in flying. My thinking was that if I were a pilot I would be a better engineer."

His designing plans had to wait, however. After earning his pilot's wings in 1965, he was sent to Viet Nam, then joined the Air Force Flight Dynamics Laboratory at Wright-Patterson A.F.B. in Ohio. In 1978, while finishing up his doctorate at the Air Force Institute of Technology at Wright-Patterson, he applied to NASA to become an astronaut, thinking it would give him the opportunity to combine his flying and engineering interests.

Married and the father of two teenage sons, Bluford is one of four blacks in the astronaut program. Says he: "The four of us never talk about my going first. We all recognize that somebody's going to play this role, just like one of the women had to be first. I'm just looking forward to flying."

The *Challenger*, now parked on Pad 39 A at the Kennedy Space Center, appears ready too. Preparations for its mission have been free of the glitches that plagued earlier flights. About 75 heat-resistant tiles forming the craft's skin have been replaced. So has the right-front cockpit window, which was slightly damaged during STS-7, probably by a micrometeorite. The only major repair has been to the craft's braking gear, which crumpled while the shuttle was being towed to its 747 carrier aircraft at Edwards.

Originally the STS-8 was to launch a tracking and data relay satellite identical to the one sent up on the shuttle's sixth mission in April. But the first satellite's failure to reach its orbit, since corrected, forced a delay in sending up the second. Eager to prove to prospective commercial customers that the shuttle is a reliable transport, NASA substituted an 8,500-lb. dumbbell-shaped mock-up. It will be used to test the maneuverability of the giant remote-controlled arm, first demonstrated on the second shuttle mission. Another planned payload: 260,000 commemorative stamps and envelopes (weight: 2,400 lbs.), which the Postal Service hopes to sell for $15.35 each. Half of the anticipated $2 million profit will go to NASA. —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington and Geoffrey Leavenworth/Houston*

Challenger crew: Gardner, Bluford, Thornton, Brandenstein, Truly

USA TODAY SPECIAL FEATURES

Orbiter on Launch Pad 39 A at Kennedy Space Center in Florida

Free of glitches this time, but difficulty finding a main cargo.

People

Call them the boys of Indian summer. **Roy Scheider,** 47, and **Robert Redford,** 46, have both donned pinstripes and taken the field in two new movies about the All-American pastime. In *Tiger Town*, the first made-for-TV feature for the new Disney cable channel, Scheider plays Billy Young, a fading 39-year-old baseball legend who is spurred on to win a pennant by the faith of an eleven-year-old fan, played by Justin Henry, 12 (*Kramer vs. Kramer*). Scheider, who broke his nose during an early "career" as a boxer, says that he has always wanted to portray a baseball player but never before had the chance. "As a kid, I played sand-lot softball," he recalls. "Now here I am acting out a fantasy I've had since I was dreaming of ways to get out of New Jersey." Redford, meanwhile, was returning to the screen for the first time since 1980, when he appeared in *Brubaker* and directed *Ordinary People*. This month he is on location at War Memorial Stadium in Buffalo filming *The Natural*, based on Bernard Malamud's 1952 novel about a 34-year-old baseball player who finally makes it to the big leagues during the 1930s. Like Scheider, maybe like every American male, Redford is glad to have a chance to explore an unlived fantasy. He had planned to be a ballplayer at the University of Colorado, but, Redford recalls, "I went there on a half scholarship and proceeded to get sidetracked."

Scheider in *Tiger Town*

Redford in *The Natural*

It was a wedding with, well, star appeal. After a five-year romance, **Carrie Fisher,** 26, who rocketed to fame as Princess Leia in the *Star Wars* trilogy, and **Paul Simon,** 41, still crazy about her after all these years, were married in a Jewish ceremony at his West Side Manhattan apartment. The cast of guests appropriate to such a show-biz union included the bride's long-divorced parents, **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds,** *Star Wars* Creator **George Lucas,** Comedian **Robin Williams,** Simon's once and present singing partner, **Art Garfunkel,** and **Billy Joel,** who presented the couple with a jukebox filled with records from the 1950s. More traditionally, Papa Fisher gave his daughter six ruby, garnet, jade and diamond rings and a vintage Cartier watch. To his new son-in-law he gave his "most prized possession," a framed photograph of Fisher holding Carrie and her brother Todd when they were babies. After the formalities, though, the customary honeymoon was replaced by a "working honeymoon" as the couple flew off to Houston, where Simon and Garfunkel were to appear as part of a nationwide reunion tour.

■

His shadowy persona and penchant for secrecy have made pictures of him a rare commodity. But the rare commodities in which the Belgian-born financier is more interested—oil, gold and aluminum, among others—have made the Switzerland-based firm he founded in 1974 one of the most successful in the world, with an annual trading volume of $10 billion. Recently, though, Business Wizard **Marc Rich,** 49, has become the center of an international financial wrangle that has the courts and governments of two countries pulling at his various corporate arms. Two years ago, the U.S. Government began investigating a potentially "massive tax-fraud scheme" involving an oil deal between Marc Rich & Co. AG and its New York City–based subsidiary. A federal court subpoena for tens of thousands of the firm's documents had produced only talk until two weeks ago, when two steamer trunks full of company papers were seized by federal agents as they were about to be loaded on a jetliner bound for Switzerland. At about the same time, another batch of documents was confiscated by Swiss authorities at the company's headquarters in Zug, lest the country's strict corporate secrecy laws be violated. Out of patience, U.S. Federal Judge Leonard Sand has threatened to shut down the company's U.S. operations until the papers are delivered, and will decide next month whether to order the seizure of $55 million worth of Rich's assets that the company put up to guarantee compliance with the subpoena. Meanwhile Rich, as elusive as ever, has returned to Switzerland. —*By Guy D. Garcia*

Fisher and Simon tie the knot, cut the cake in Manhattan

A rare glimpse of Rich at his home outside Zug, Switzerland

A question of gender: Zaza, center, in drag with supporting cast, three of whom are women, third and fourth from left, far right

Theater

Broadway Out Of the Closet

A musical La Cage aux Folles

After the jokes and fears, Hearn triumphs in a bravura role that shows his enormous range

Scientists can peer inside the body and brain, and measure wind speed on Mars. But the chemical reaction between performers onstage and an audience a few feet below defies explanation. If a show works, its flaws are easily forgiven and the faces out front light up with enthusiasm. If it does not, those onstage are subjected to the theatrical world's most terrifying noise: the sound of hundreds of yawns, politely stifled. So perhaps it is best not to spend too long trying to explain the attractions of the musical version of *La Cage aux Folles*, which opened on Broadway Sunday night. The chemistry is right, and it is hard to imagine an audience that will not leave the Palace Theater fairly glowing with delight.

The broad appeal of the show, which broke all house records during its seven-week trial run in Boston, is all the more extraordinary given its theme. Behind Jerry Herman's old-fashioned but tuneful score is a radical subject. *La Cage aux Folles* is a love story with a difference: it celebrates the romance of two middle-aged homosexual men, one of whom is a transvestite. Last year's *Torch Song Trilogy*, by Harvey Fierstein, was the first gay play to make it on Broadway, and *La Cage*, for which Fierstein wrote the book, seems almost certain to become the first successful gay musical. Broadway is out of the closet and has slammed the door behind it.

La Cage aux Folles (literally "Cage of Crazies"; in French slang, "Cage of Gays") is based on Jean Poiret's farce of the same title, which ran in Paris from 1973 to 1980; and it resembles the film starring Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, which became the most successful foreign-language movie ever shown in the U.S., grossing more than $40 million.

Thomas preens before a disapproving Barry

"If I had a problem, I'd think of my wife."

La Cage aux Folles is a Saint-Tropez drag club run by Georges. Its star performer is the incredible Zaza, who, when he takes off his dress and wig, is also Albin, Georges's lover for 20 years. Years ago, just to see what all the heterosexual fuss was about, Georges (Gene Barry) spent a few hours of passion with a showgirl. From that brief union came a son, Jean-Michel, who has lived ever since with Georges and Albin (George Hearn) in an apartment next door to La Cage.

Now, however, Jean-Michel (John Weiner) has a problem. He wants to get married, but the girl of his choice is the daughter of France's own Jerry Falwell, head of the T.F.M., the Tradition, Family and Morality party. How is poor Jean-Michel to explain his family, its tradition and its morality to that pious fanatic?

He does not plan to. When his fiancée and her parents visit, he wants to pass Georges off as a retired diplomat, bring in his real mother, whom he has not seen for 20 years, and exile Albin for the night.

Georges gives in, but Albin protests being hidden away. In one of the show's best numbers, which might well be adopted as the anthem of Gay Liberation, he sings,

I am what I am
I am my own special creation . . .
It's my world
That I wanna have a little pride in
My world
And it's not a place I have to hide
in

Albin too eventually gives in. When Jean-Michel's mother fails to show, he puts on his dress and plays Mamma himself. Though his ruse is discovered, the show ends happily, of course, with the girl's parents in retreat, Jean-Michel accepting Georges and Albin for what they are, and the two lovers—Georges and Albin, that is—walking arm in arm offstage.

Though the musical is inferior in some ways to the movie—its plot line is less plausible, for one thing—Fierstein has improved it in other ways, making the two leads more human, more substantial and, finally, more interesting than they were in either the film or the play. "We're showing that marriage, commitment, family, don't have to belong to heterosexuals," he says. "We decided early on that our greatest enemy would be the tendency to hide, to avoid being honest. If a gay show is a hit and doesn't make a statement, what's the point?" Says Herman, who also wrote the music and lyrics for *Hello, Dolly!* and *Mame*: "Writing for Albin was no harder than writing for Dolly. We just had to be true to character."

If the parts were easy to write, they were not easy to play. Barry, 62, who had played macho characters like TV's Bat Masterson, was afraid of being too closely identified with a homosexual role. "People still call me Bat," he explains. "You really do become the part you play. In rehearsal, George and I didn't look at each other as a man or woman, but as someone we dearly loved. If I ever had a problem, I'd just think of my own wife." However he did it, Barry's portrayal of Georges is suave but concerned, exasperated but tender as well.

Hearn, 48, who has been married and divorced three times, had the same fears as Barry, but nonetheless agreed to put on full female regalia for his audition. "When George walked out, he looked like Arlene Dahl opening at the Latin Quarter," says Producer Allan Carr. "He plopped himself on top of the piano, crossed his legs and sang *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. There was a kind of triumph and electricity to the way he did it. We never considered anyone else." Still, it took Hearn eight weeks to learn to sing while simultaneously putting on makeup, as he must do in his first number, and he had trouble walking down stairs like a woman. Almost as bad were the jokes he had to endure. Friends sent him lingerie ads, and Lauren Bacall told him that when he was done with *La Cage*, he could take over in *Woman of the Year*.

It was all worth it. Hearn's bravura performance is one of the marvels of recent theater seasons. An actor who has been in 115 plays but never quite achieved stardom, he has now strutted to the top. If it is exciting to see a young actor leap forward, it is even more so to see one in midcareer suddenly show the enormous range of his talents.

The chorus, known as Les Cagelles, mostly men in drag but with a few women, is something of a wonder as well. "You'll find it tough guessing our gender," they sing at the beginning, and half the fun is telling one sex from the other. David Engel, for example, was a football player in the film of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. In *La Cage* he is Hanna from Hamburg, a blond beauty with a taste for sadomasochism. "A stagehand in Boston saw me in my wig, leotards and whip," says Engel, "and said, 'Honey, you can whip me any time.'

Fierstein and one of the Cagelles

'Careful!' I told him in my normal voice. His jaw dropped. He really had no idea."

Unfortunately, *La Cage* is not always up to the level of its best performances or its best moments. Herman's music is better-than-average Broadway fare, hummable and with a simple, insistent beat. But his lyrics are often trite and vulgar. "Look under our glitz, muscles and tits," he writes in one song. Fierstein's book is sometimes forced; the campy scenes with the black maid/butler (William Thomas Jr.) quickly become tedious, for example. Arthur Laurents' direction is occasionally jarringly awry, as when he has the mother of Jean-Michel's fiancée do a degrading bump-and-grind in her underwear.

But *La Cage aux Folles* has found the chemical equation that makes gross faults appear small, minor virtues look large, and major achievements seem more so. Despite its gay theme, it is a sentimental show that extols the values of love, honor and fidelity to home and family; consequently, in both Boston and New York City, it seems to have drawn audiences that are largely straight. In Barry and Hearn, moreover, it boasts what may be the most romantic team of the year. —**By Gerald Clarke.**

Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York

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Imagine one of his myriad challengers actually kayoing Joe Louis in his prime, or a 20-game loser burning the ball past the lordly New York Yankees of the Babe Ruth era. For the sailing cognoscenti along the gilt-edged waterfront of Newport, R.I., an upset of such proportions is a very real possibility. Not in anything so plebeian as boxing or baseball, to be sure, but in the patrician world of yachting, where, over the din of clinking champagne glasses, the chitchat is about fears that the longest winning streak in sports is about to end. After 132 years, the U.S. could finally lose the America's Cup.

Such foul-weather forecasts have rattled Newport before. Yet ever since they first wrested the old silver mug from a fleet of the best yachts the British could muster in 1851, the Yankee sailors have somehow managed to beat off all comers. What is different about this America's Cup summer is not that the Americans have slipped, but that the competition has got noticeably better, especially the yachtsmen from Down Under.

Neither the American yacht nor the challenger has yet been picked. But there is little doubt that when the two square off in the waters of Rhode Island Sound on Sept. 13, the foreign contender will be a white-hulled marvel called *Australia II* that has set the yachting world back on its scuppers. The Australians seem to be doing everything right, beginning with a spectacular success at what has always been the heart of the American game: building yachts that are technologically superior to those of all their challengers. Measuring 64 ft. 7 in. from its snub-nosed bow to its raked-back stern, *Australia II* has the most radical keel ever to hang from the bottom of a 12-meter* yacht. Though the Aussies ostentatiously drape a shroud over the keel when the boat is hauled out after each day's sail—psych is everything in the America's Cup competition—just about all of Newport knows what *Australia II's* secret weapon looks like: it is bulging in the front, separates into delta wings at the rear, and could pass for a cross between a whale and the space shuttle.

Bond, the swashbuckler from Perth, left, with Bertrand

The New York Yacht Club, custodian of the Cup and grand panjandrum of its defense, has howled that the radical keel is an infraction of the 12-meter rule, even though it passed muster earlier this year before keen-eyed measurers, including the club's own tape man. With its lowered ballast and jetlike wings, the innovative yacht can slice through the water with less turbulence, turn virtually on a dime, and stand much more erect than its rivals when they beat into the wind, thereby drawing more power from its sails. Remarkably, all this seems perfectly within the rules. Even more remarkable, the new design has been working in Rhode Island Sound, where fickle winds and the backwash from the spectator fleet have broken many another seeming breakthrough.

Since June, when seven yachts from five nations began competing off Newport for the right to face the Americans, *Australia II* has repeatedly trounced not only its two Down Under rivals, *Challenge 12* and *Advance*, but also *Canada 1*, *France 3*, Britain's *Victory '83*, and Italy's *Azzurra*, often by embarrassingly wide margins. The two other Australian boats have already been eliminated, and at week's end, as the challenger selection continued in its fourth round, *Australia II* had compiled a record of 42 wins and only five defeats. Its closest competitor, *Victory '83* (30-17), finally did manage to beat *Aus-*

With another win tacked to the mast, *Australia II's* crew sails back to port

The sacred mug

*A number that refers not to its length but to a value obtained from a complex formula involving, among other variables, sail area waterline and displacement

Red-hulled *Liberty* battles the veteran *Courageous* in action to select the U.S. defender

Liberty's Conner in full cry on the defense

tralia II in one race last week by a surprising 2 min. 50 sec., provoking an outburst from Dennis Conner, skipper of *Liberty*, the leading American boat. He charged that the Aussies were "sandbagging" (deliberately losing) to take the limelight off their disputed keel.

Conner's cranberry-red *Liberty*, the favorite, is currently at the top of the heap in the skirmishing among three U.S. boats for the honor of defending the Cup. The other two: Tom Blackaller's *Defender* followed by John Kolius' nine-year-old *Courageous*, which nonetheless upset *Liberty* and *Defender* six times last week and was still in the running. Though the challenger is picked strictly on results, the choice of the American boat is entirely up to the blue-blazered gentlemen of the New York Yacht Club's race committee. If they believe a yacht is coming on strong at the finish of the trials in early September, they could pick a boat that did not necessarily have the best overall record.

Whichever American boat is tapped, its skipper will have more to worry about than the novel design of the expected challenger. *Australia II's* crew is also in superb trim. Once better known for hoisting pints than hoisting sails, the Australians are up at 5:50 each morning for an hour of calisthenics and road work. "The whole thing has become deadly, deadly, deadly serious," says *Australia II* Executive Director Warren Jones. "We train like commandos." The eleven-man crew enjoys impressive backup support. As *Australia II* was maneuvering before the start of a race last week, its carbon fiber boom buckled, making a forfeit seem probable. But its tender came alongside, and within ten minutes a $9,000 aluminum boom was in place and the yacht was ready with time to spare.

That snappy performance reflected the damn-the-expense attitude of Alan Bond, 45, the swashbuckling tycoon from Perth (real estate, mining, oil), who heads the *Australia II* syndicate. Bond, a one-time sign painter, is making his fourth try for the Cup, a record surpassed only by Britain's indomitable Sir Thomas Lipton earlier in the century. In his latest bid, Bond could spend as much as $3.5 million for a prize initially valued at only 100 guineas (about $70 by current reckoning).

Bond's chief designer is Ben Lexcen, 47, who as a youngster in the small town of Boggabri in eastern Australia built such superior model racing sailboats that he had to give some away to keep his friends interested in competing. He gives nothing away now. Lexcen spent months in The Netherlands tank-testing eight different 25-ft. model hulls in secrecy to prevent the Americans from learning about his new keel. Indeed, reports surfaced last week that the Americans tried unsuccessfully to get the Dutch to reveal details of the design. Lexcen snaps: "They would flash it on their boats in a minute if they could get their hands on it." Nonetheless, he disclaims having produced a revolutionary product. Says he: "There are some boats in Australia with the same thing. I just made it bloody work."

There are those who find yacht racing no more exciting than watching the bubbles in their glasses of Perrier. Of course, they are wrong, as this summer's battling has already shown. For the September finale, the action will heat up even more, both on the 24.3-mile-long triangular course and along Newport's *palazzo*-lined shore, where the late-night partying has included the likes of Britain's Prince Andrew and the Aga Khan, patron of the Italian effort. With their towering masts, vast expanses of Mylar-Kevlar sails, monstrous winches and computerized navigational aids, 12-meter yachts are the nimble-footed heavyweights of their sport. Add the tactical elements of chess: when to defend against an opponent's move, when to ignore it, when to sail off in a different direction. The unmatched combination of required resources has made modern Ahabs of the obsessed competitors.

The New York Yacht Club's selectors watch the skirmishing

Worries of a first loss spoil the patrician calm.

For all the years of preparation, the contest can founder on the merest wisp of bad luck. But *Australia II's* performance so far, along with the New York Yacht Club's anguished reaction to that success, has created extraordinary confidence in the Aussie camp. *Australia II's* skipper, John Bertrand, 36, is already contemplating how Australia will change the rules after it captures the Cup. "If we win," he says, "we're going to make sure all sailcloth must be made of kangaroo hide. Then we are going to fill up a salt lake in the outback and defend the Cup there." After this wild America's Cup summer, stranger things could happen.

—*By Frederic Golden.*
Reported by Richard Hornik and John F. Stacks/Newport

An Officer and a Gentleman

THE AENEID *Translated by Robert Fitzgerald; Random House; 416 pages; $20*

Those who translate words from one language into another always find that truth and beauty cannot both be served. Something has to go. Voltaire's parting shot when he left Holland (*"Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!"*) may be accurately rendered in English as "Farewell, canals, ducks, rabble!" The only thing missing is everything that made Voltaire's remark so witty and memorably alliterative in French. If a four-word *mot* successfully thwarts attempts to export it, the problems posed by an epic poem more than 10,000 lines long, written two millenniums ago in a language now deceased, are likely to be proportionately more impossible.

In taking on such a work, Poet and Translator Robert Fitzgerald inherited these general difficulties and a few specific ones as well. Virgil's *Aeneid* is one of the two or three most influential texts in Western literature, yet it achieved such eminence in part through an accident of history. Latin retreated to monasteries and survived the Dark Ages in manuscript, while Greek was largely forgotten.

When the Renaissance rediscovered the originals of the Homeric epics, Virgil's reputation started to tarnish. The Greeks had clearly borne great gifts to the Roman poet. *The Aeneid* now looked suspiciously like a pastiche. Its first half, recounting the wandering of Aeneas and his vanquished colleagues after the fall of Troy, owed more than a little to *The Odyssey*. Its last six books, in which the hero wages war on Italian tribes and fulfills his divine destiny to found the Roman Empire, showed the bloody imprint of *The Iliad*. Furthermore, Aeneas himself, compared with the Homeric heroes Odysseus and Achilles, began to strike many readers as a stick-in-the-mud: *pius* (Virgil's repeated adjective), the kind of sobersides who would abandon the woman who loves him to her funeral pyre rather than miss out on his mission.

"I sing of warfare and a man at war." Fitzgerald's version of *The Aeneid's* first words (*"Arma virumque cano"*) veers sharply away from the traditional reading in English, enshrined in the title of George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man*. Yet singing of arms and the man was not all that Virgil's fellow Romans in the 1st century B.C. would have understood him to mean. They had already been thoroughly schooled on who Aeneas was and what he had, in legend, accomplished; neither his identity nor his military prowess could have been in doubt. Fitzgerald's rendition of Virgil's famous introduction may offend purists. It is not, strictly speaking, literal, but something more than that: a recapturing of implicit meanings in explicit terms.

This explanatory impulse pervades Fitzgerald's *Aeneid* and brings both the story and its main character back to life.

Virgil: firing a hero in the Homeric forge

Excerpt

"She rolled her bloodshot eyes, her quivering cheeks
Were flecked with red as her sick pallor grew
Before her coming death. Into the court
She burst her way, then at her passion's height
She climbed the pyre and bared the Dardan sword—
A gift desired once, for no such need.
Her eyes now on the Trojan clothing there
And the familiar bed, she paused a little,
Weeping a little, mindful, then lay down
And spoke her last words:
'Remnants dear to me
While god and fate allowed it, take this breath
And give me respite from these agonies.
I lived my life out to the very end
And passed the stages Fortune had appointed.
Now my tall shade goes to the under world.
I built a famous town, saw my great walls,
Avenged my husband, made my hostile brother
Pay for his crime. Happy, alas, too happy,
If only the Dardanian keels had never
Beached on our coast.' And here she kissed the bed.
'I die unavenged,' she said, 'but let me die.
This way, this way, a blessed relief to go
Into the undergloom. Let the cold Trojan,
Far at sea, drink in this conflagration
And take with him the omen of my death!'"

The translator does not attempt to reproduce Virgil's rolling hexameters, so sonorous in Latin and soporific in English. He chooses instead a blank verse limber enough to accommodate both dignity and verve. Through this medium, Aeneas can be seen again as he must have first appeared to contemporaries, who now just happen to speak English and live in the latter part of the 20th century.

The hero no longer creaks under the virtues attributed to him by centuries of interpreters. He is a man doomed to greatness, compelled to propitiate and suffer the capricious gods. Juno brings on the ruin of Troy and the deaths of many of Aeneas' loved ones, then persuades Aeolus, ruler of the winds, to blow up a storm that disperses Aeneas' escaping fleet. He comforts his drenched, surviving companions with words he does not believe: "So ran the speech. Burdened and sick at heart,/ He feigned hope in his look, and inwardly/ Contained his anguish."

The notorious love affair with Dido, Queen of Carthage, is arranged by Venus, Aeneas' mother, who simply wants to guarantee her son's physical safety in a potentially hostile land. The goddess did not guess the damage her meddling would cause to Aeneas' reputation. But Fitzgerald's translation makes vivid the sufferings of both Dido and her anointed suitor: "Duty-bound,/ Aeneas, though he struggled with desire/ To calm and comfort her in all her pain." And he, "shaken still/ With love of her, yet took the course heaven gave him/ And went back to the fleet." However paraphrased, this brand of heroism is easier to admire than love. Fitzgerald's language gives Aeneas his due as a man, without going beyond the character Virgil portrayed: a weapon of national purpose fired in the Homeric forge.

This English version of a cool but fascinating epic seems flawless. (Fitzgerald, 72, has already done superb modern translations of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*.) But such judgments are ephemeral. Tastes change; each era meets the classics on new ground. At the approach of the 18th century, John Dryden offered Virgil as a master of the heroic couplet: "Arms, and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,/ And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate." During the Victorian era, Aeneas emerged in the English of William Morris and other writers as a Romantic brooder well versed in Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. Fitzgerald's version, a century hence, may seem equally dated. But if translations capture the essence of their culture, then this *Aeneid*, in its supple beauty and clarity, is the best news this age has had in a long time. —*By Paul Gray*

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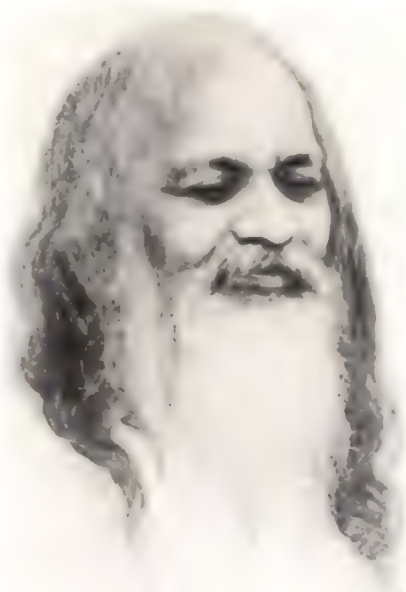

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Levitation

CHICKENHAWK
by Robert Mason
Viking; 339 pages; $17.75

In World War II, American soldiers darted across Europe in Jeeps and swarmed ashore on to Pacific islands from LSTs. By the 1960s, G.I.s were commuting to and from action in Viet Nam by helicopter. The chopper, in fact, is symbolic of that war, and memories of 'Nam still echo with the beat of rotor blades.

This memoir by former Army Pilot Robert Mason recalls the violent, deafening, treetop world of 1,000 Viet Nam helicopter missions. *Chickenhawk* begins with a Florida farm boy's daydream of

Robert Mason in Viet Nam
A plunge into the thickets of madness.

levitating above the fields and ends with the veteran suspended in horror and disillusionment.

Helicopter tactics were still in the experimental stage when Warrant Officer Mason arrived at An Khe in 1965. Nobody knew much of anything except that Viet Nam was, as Mason writes, "a good place to buy stereo equipment." For months the Army suffered high chopper losses because pilots flew at low levels over Viet Cong–held villages and paddyfields without varying their approaches and takeoffs. Men died because promised chest-armor plates for their cockpits failed to arrive. To exist, Mason learned to adapt to "the details of the job at hand, no matter how bizarre."

Although they were officially prohibited from flying more than four hours a day, pilots often were at the controls for eight. Mason says that he once flew 20 out of 24 hours. Fatigue fogged the senses, and the view of combat through the Plexiglas became hallucinatory. He thought about bullets coming "through my bones and guts and through the ship and never stopping. A voice echoed in the silence . . . 'Go! Go! Go!' "

Like most of his buddies, Mason had believed that all Asians were unworthy of U.S. salvation. But in a smoldering village, he began to understand the hubris of Western technology. Of an ancient water wheel, he writes: it was "as efficient as any device our engineers could produce. The knowledge that built it was being systematically destroyed."

So were Mason's countrymen. As the fighting intensified, his Huey was frequently an ambulance, and too often a hearse stacked with corpses. "The smell of death seeped out of the zippered pouches and made the living retch," he writes. "No matter how fast I flew, the smell would not blow away." Mason suffered from insomnia, blackouts and nightmares about dying children. He let mosquitoes bite him because malaria was a fail-safe ticket home. When he witnessed two Marines being blown up by a claymore mine they were setting, he reflected, "What's next in this carnival?"

Agonizingly suspended between his fear of death and his passion for duty, the "chickenhawk" took the conflicts home. When a clerk in Hawaii called him a murderer, he felt that she was talking about someone else. Daily quarts of whisky could not erase the awful memories and their replays. Mason lived in a private, disconnected world that finally crashed in 1981 when he was arrested for and convicted of dope smuggling. "No one [was] more shocked than I," he recalls. *Chickenhawk*, with its vertical plunge into the thickets of madness, will stun readers as well. —*By J.D. Reed*

Stop Press

I SHOULDN'T BE TELLING YOU THIS
by Mary Breasted
Harper & Row; 361 pages; $15.95

BYLINES
by Bernard Weinraub
Doubleday; 590 pages; $17.95

DEADLINES
by Desmond Ryan
Norton; 285 pages; $15.50

Deep in the desk of every hard-bitten, wisecracking, deadline-haunted reporter, alongside the bourbon and the Maalox, is an unfinished novel. Typically, the manuscript is not about great events but about what is truly important to the journalistic fraternity: sex, office politics, money, fame and lunch. That, at least, is the message of these three novels by and about newspaper reporters.

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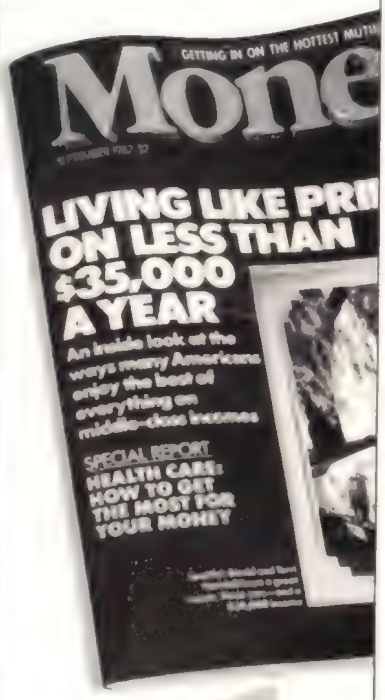

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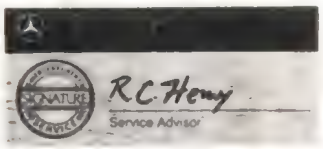

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Books

Shouldn't Be Telling You This, is former New York *Times* Reporter Mary Breasted's fondly cynical story of a young Radcliffe graduate named Sarah Makepeace. She moves from freelancing for the *Evil Eye*, a leftist Greenwich Village weekly that resembles the *Village Voice* (where Breasted once labored), to a coveted staff job on the *Newspaper*, a dignified daily that is unmistakably the New York *Times*. Sarah's boss is City Editor Ron Millstein, an endearingly manic liar who does *not* resemble *Times* Editors Arthur Gelb and A.M. Rosenthal. After spending weeks trying to find city hall by subway, committing Pulitzer-worthy sex with an undercover policeman and discovering the delights of midtown restaurants, she stumbles upon the Big Story: how a presidential candidate tried to have his homosexual lover bumped off.

Bernard Weinraub

Mary Breasted

Desmond Ryan

The struggle for that scoop is only a minor episode in a far more epic battle: the one between Millstein and the national editor for the job of editor in chief. Indeed, to the *Newspaper's* scribblers, nearly every event in the newsroom, and in the world at large, is important only in terms of office intrigue. "When the copy editors crossed your commas out, people made an interpretation of your standing vis-à-vis Ron and of Ron's standing vis-à-vis [the national editor] and of both their standings in the eyes of [the editor in chief] and of the publisher in the great beyond," Makepeace learns. Will she learn anything else, like how to write a good lead or tell the difference between comptroller and controller? More important, will she ever get her Big Story into print? In the end, she begins to grasp the cynic's first rule of journalism: the most important byline is the one on the paycheck.

Compared with that spoof, *Bylines* is almost as sober and magisterial as the *Times*. Bernard Weinraub still reports for the *Times* from Washington, or at least he did before this book came out. His story opens with an endearingly manic-depressive editor who leaps naked from an eleventh-floor window before it can be determined whether the man resembles either A.M. Rosenthal or Arthur Gelb. The event touches off a torrid competition for the newly vacant editorship among a B-movie cast of newsroom characters: the likable but alcoholic deputy managing editor, the sober but inexperienced female national editor, the experienced but unpolished Jewish city editor, the polished but unassertive Wasp foreign editor, the assertive but black Washington bureau chief. Why do they want a job that helped drive the incumbent to suicide? Not so much to promote truth, justice and the American way as to bully subordinates. The editor, writes Weinraub perceptively, "promoted and crippled, he punished and forgave, he weeded out incompetents and . . . controlled the salaries, careers, even marriages of his staff."

Improbably, all the candidates conclude that the way to win the editorship is to come up with the Big Story. Despite so much interoffice sex that it is a wonder the paper ever comes out, Weinraub's tale sprints to its end as smoothly as a web offset press. *Bylines* is too gussied up with made-for-television passion and greed to resemble life at a big-city newspaper. The unlikely competition for the naked and dead editor's job does, however, neatly bear out the second rule of journalism: you're only as good as your last story.

For veracity, try *Deadlines*, written by Philadelphia *Inquirer* Film Critic Desmond Ryan and crammed with enough lore and craft about U.S. newspapers to qualify the reader for a diploma from the Annenberg School of Communication at Penn. Around a wheezing plot about a young investigative reporter trying to get the Big Story (a U.S. Congressman turns out to be—gasp!—corrupt), Ryan writes knowledgeably about libel law, newsroom computerization, labor disputes, inheritance taxes and galleys of other forces threatening to turn American newspapers into bland copies of one another.

Unfortunately, Ryan's characters talk like relics from *The Front Page* ("You want to hang a Congressman by the balls, you need more than a piece of thread. And how many times do I have to tell you not to smoke in my office?"). Otherwise, *Deadlines* is honest, unpretentious and informative. Breasted and Weinraub should have taught Ryan the third rule of journalism: don't let the facts get in the way of a good story. —*By Donald Morrison*

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The 414 Gang Strikes Again

Pranksters disrupt a hospital, and nobody is laughing

The red brick Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center on Manhattan's Upper East Side is an example of advanced medical technology. Every year more than 10,000 patients, ranging from infants with leukemia to statesmen with brain tumors, are admitted to this world-renowned research hospital, where they are analyzed, probed and treated by the most sophisticated high-tech equipment available. There are giant X-ray scanners, imaging devices and accelerators for beaming particles on diseased tissues, many operating under computer control.

One Friday morning last June, Chen Chui, systems manager of the hospital's medical physics computer service, discovered to his great astonishment that a Digital VAX 11/780 computer, which monitors the radiation treatment for 250 patients, had inexplicably failed during the night. Looking into the machine's log, he found that a file of billing records worth about $1,500 was missing and that passwords had been issued to five unauthorized accounts. Chui deleted the new names and took the extra precaution of replacing all the passwords for those authorized to change patient records.

Chui hoped that that would be the last of it. It was not. After the weekend he discovered that someone had made contact with the computer through a telephone hookup and introduced a new program: whenever a legitimate user typed in his password, the code name was immediately sent to the intruder. "It was panic," says Dr. Radhe Mohan, director of the computer service. "Someone was up to big mischief that could have conceivably caused harm."

Sloan-Kettering officials called the New York City police, the FBI and New York Telephone security, which tapped the phone lines connected to the machine. Then Chui tried to reach the intruders by leaving messages in their computer terminals. "You have done some harm to the system," read one plea. "Please call us and help us repair the damage." About an hour after the message went out, someone called back. "He said he was sorry," recalls Chui. "But when we asked how he got into the system he refused to answer."

The intruder appeared chastened, yet over the next two months there were about 20 other calls to the computer; the most recent took place on Aug. 11. In July the hospital received a tip identifying two young men in the Milwaukee area as the source of the trouble. The two were innocent, but the Milwaukee connection turned out to be the break that police needed. For months, FBI agents had been tracking the activities of a loosely organized gang of computer enthusiasts in and around Milwaukee who call themselves "the 414s" after that city's telephone area code. Using home computers connected to ordinary telephone lines, they had been breaking into computers across the U.S. and Canada, including one at a bank in Los Angeles, another at a cement company in Montreal and, ominously, an unclassified computer at a nuclear weapons laboratory in Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Earlier this month federal authorities were investigating seven members of the group, ages 15 to 22, for illegally penetrating dozens of computer systems, including the one at Los Alamos. Last week papers filed in Federal District Court in Milwaukee identified Gerald Wondra of West Allis, Wis., a 21-year-old member of the 414s, as one of the people who broke into the medical center's computer.

The Sloan-Kettering caper and this summer's hit movie *WarGames*—the story of a young computer buff who nearly sets off a nuclear war when he accidentally gets into one of the Defense Department's most sensitive machines—have focused attention on a serious question: How to safeguard information stored inside computers? The potential for fraud is awesome. The American banking system alone moves more than $400 billion between computers every day. Corporate data banks hold consumer records and business plans worth untold billions. Military computers contain secrets that, if stolen, could threaten U.S. security. Many of these machines are hooked into the telephone system, which enables them to communicate with other computers and with users in remote locations. But as the 414s have demonstrated, anyone with one of the popular new microcomputers has the potential, however remote, to unlock the secrets contained in machines operated by banks, hospitals, corporations and even military installations.

In the wake of the Milwaukee investigation, hundreds of companies and individual computer owners were scrambling to see whether their information was safe from computer tampering. "Our phone has literally been ringing off the hook," said Robert Campbell, president of Advanced Information Management in Woodbridge, Va., a consulting firm that advises banks and credit-card services on how to protect their computer information. Campbell and others in the computer security field, whose fees range up to $1,000 a day, say that since January there have been at least a dozen major cases of tampering or theft of computer data in the U.S. "There is a whole epidemic of malicious system hacking going on," says Donn Parker, computer crime specialist at SRI International in Menlo Park, Calif. Concurs Ron Zeitz, a spokesman for GTE Telenet, the computer network used to get into the Sloan-Kettering system: "It's like the skyjacking phenomenon. People are going to try what other people are getting away with."

A somber Dr. Radhe Mohan at the keyboard of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering machine

"Someone was up to big mischief that could have conceivably caused harm."

The consultants advise clients that the surest way to protect their information is to put their computers under lock and key. But as networks of computers connected by phone lines grow, that kind of isolation becomes irrelevant. More elaborate precautions like passwords, dedicated telephone lines and voice analyzers offer some degree of security. Encryption, which scrambles messages, is perhaps the best way to protect data sent over the wires. It is expensive (up to $5,000 per terminal) and difficult to use. Nonetheless, for those willing to pay the price, the technology for protection exists. —***By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Magda Krance/Chicago and Jamie Murphy/New York***

Plague Again

A wet spring breeds disease

It was as if a killer from the Middle Ages had returned to strike anew. This summer the once dreaded scourge of bubonic plague is on the loose in the Southwest U.S. Since April, hospitals in five states have admitted 35 patients complaining of fever, chills, headache and swellings in the armpits, groin or neck. Six deaths have been reported so far; the most recent was a 13-year-old New Mexico boy who died last week less than twelve hours after the disease was diagnosed.

This year's outbreak is the most severe in the U.S. since 1925, when 34 of 38 victims died. But it is comparable in name only to the Black Death that ravaged Europe in the 1300s. Spread by shipborne rats and nurtured in urban filth and squalor, the plague killed an estimated 20 million people, roughly one-third of the Continent's population, in a terrifying 2½-year rampage. The disease has largely disappeared today because of improved sanitation, measures to control the rodents that carry it, and the use of antibiotics to combat the plague bacillus. At the last count in 1980 there were 505 cases worldwide.

The vast majority of plague cases can now be cured, if diagnosed quickly enough. Left untreated, however, the illness is fatal in more than half the cases, developing into either the highly contagious pneumonic plague or septicemia (blood poisoning), which caused all six of this year's plague deaths.

In the U.S., plague makes its infrequent appearances in the far West and Southwest because it flourishes among rodents of the high desert plains. The human risk is limited primarily to people trekking into the wilds who are bitten by fleas that have been infected by the rodents. The Navajo Indians of the region seem particularly susceptible, owing to their outdoor life-style, their sheepherding and their free-running dogs, all of which increase the risk of infection. They account for half of the cases in Arizona and New Mexico, where the disease has been concentrated this year. Nonetheless, the incidence is comparatively low even among these Navajos.

Why this year's rash of cases? One likely culprit is the weather, says Dr. Jack Poland of the Centers for Disease Control's regional office in Fort Collins, Colo. Because of a particularly cool and wet spring, plague-carrying squirrels, prairie dogs and other rodents proliferated. So did the fleas that spread the disease to wild animals and eventually to humans.

Although treatable, plague poses a number of problems for doctors. One is the difficulty of diagnosing a disease whose symptoms initially resemble those of flu, especially if the telltale swelling or buboes (hence the name bubonic plague) have not appeared. Intestinal flu was in fact the initial diagnosis in the case of the New Mexico boy, who died shortly after the buboes appeared and doctors realized the true nature of his condition. Says State Epidemiologist Jonathan Mann: "The doctors really got right on it, but by the time the boy was back in the hospital he already had a heavy load of bacteria in his blood. He just had an incredibly rapid course." The opposite, relatively speaking, was true of an elderly Navajo man in Arizona who had what looked to doctors like ordinary heatstroke. Four days after being sent home from the hospital, he was dead; in this and two other instances, the plague was discovered only posthumously.

The recent upsurge in cases as well as the deaths from plague have understandably worried tourists traveling to Arizona and New Mexico. Answering phone calls from vacationers, state officials point out that the number of cases does not constitute an epidemic and that the risk to humans is low. Precautionary measures are being urged, however, for both tourists and residents, including the Navajos: avoid contact with sick animals, make residences rodent-proof, dispose of trash, use insect repellent as well as flea powder on pets. Such measures should ensure safety for the more than 100,000 tourists expected in Arizona in the next month. As for local residents, they seem unconcerned, treating the disease as just another bug going around. Their attitude is expressed in a bumper sticker popular in the region: LAND OF THE FLEA, HOME OF THE PLAGUE. ■

Dr. Mann starting prairie dog's autopsy

Low risk but high fears.

Capsules

ATTACKING HEART ATTACKS

A single aspirin a day can help keep heart attacks away for hundreds of thousands of Americans, according to a striking new report from the Veterans Administration. The study involved 1,266 male patients suffering from unstable angina, an extremely painful condition that is often a harbinger of heart attacks. About half the men (625) took one dose of aspirin daily in the form of an Alka-Seltzer solution (used because it is less upsetting to the stomach than plain aspirin). The other patients were given a fizzy placebo.

At the end of twelve weeks, the rate of both heart attack and mortality was 51% lower among aspirin users than among the group taking placebos. Though aspirin is thought to interfere with potentially dangerous clotting of blood, earlier tests showed it to be of limited help to patients who have already had a heart attack. The new data, however, clearly demonstrate that small doses are very effective in preventing heart attacks in people who have had the warning signs of unstable angina.

TWO STEPS TO CANCER

Three years ago, researchers announced the discovery of human genes that were capable of turning ordinary cells into malignant ones. The news met with some skepticism. Experts asked how a single gene could cause such a dramatic change. Why does cancer take years or even decades to develop if it is caused by such a simple and direct process? In last week's issue of the British journal *Nature*, three research teams answered those questions by setting forth a new model for understanding the role of oncogenes in cancer.

Each group found that it does in fact take more than a single cancer gene to produce cancer in normal cells. Teams at M.I.T. and Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory on Long Island, N.Y., reported that they could induce cancer in normal rat cells only by inserting at least two types of oncogenes into the cells. "A single oncogene produced some changes, but not cancer," explained Molecular Biologist Robert Weinberg of M.I.T. "It took two genes acting cooperatively to produce a tumor. In other cases, it might take three or more."

A British team confirmed the multistep cancer scenario by showing that a particular oncogene caused a tumor in hamster cells only if they had first been exposed to a carcinogenic chemical. The chemical alone and the oncogene alone did not cause cancer; both were necessary. While the discovery has no immediate implication for treatment of cancer, it helps explain why the disease develops slowly and why its incidence rises with age. "Even if one part of the process occurs," says Weinberg, "you might not have the second step for another 20 years." ■

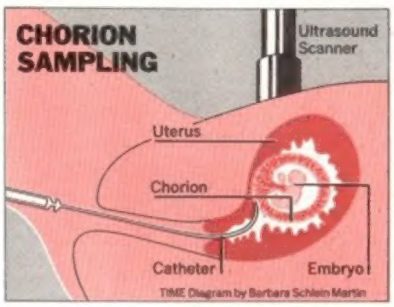
Gene Screen

Early fetal checkup

For Donna and Steven Roehl and Debbie and Maury Fisher, having a baby is a risky business. The Roehls both carry the gene for Niemann-Pick disease, a metabolic disorder that has already taken the life of their first child. The Fishers are carriers of Tay-Sachs disease, a fatal ailment that afflicts their two-year-old son. For both couples, the odds are one in four that any child they bear will be defective. When the two wives became pregnant earlier this year, they intended to undergo amniocentesis, a test to determine if the fetuses were normal. Each planned to abort if it was not.

But amniocentesis usually cannot be done until the 16th or 17th week of pregnancy, when there is enough amniotic fluid to obtain a sample safely via a needle through the abdomen. Results are not available for another four weeks. Eager to avoid five months of anxious waiting, the two women volunteered for a new, early test of fetal health, under study at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. Fisher had the procedure in her ninth week "and found out the next day that my baby did not have Tay-Sachs." Roehl also got good news, fast.

The test, called chorionic villi sampling (CVS), is a painless procedure and can be done in a physician's office as early as the fifth week of pregnancy. To perform it, the obstetrician inserts a long thin tube through the vagina into the uterus. A second doctor, following the procedure on an ultrasound monitor, helps the obstetrician position the catheter between the lining of the uterus and the chorion, a layer of tissue that surrounds the embryo during the first two months and later develops into the placenta. The goal is to suction up a sample of the chorionic villi, finger-like projections of tissue that transfer oxygen, nutrients and waste between mother and embryo. "It's like vacuuming



a shag rug; you get about half a dozen villi," explains Dr. Laird Jackson of Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College, which has helped pioneer the technique in the U.S. Since the tiny chorion sample is composed of the same cells as the fetus, genetic defects present in the child should show up in laboratory analysis.

Dr. Eugene Pergament of Michael Reese is convinced that CVS "will eventually replace amniocentesis as the first line of genetic diagnosis." Earlier detection not only means less anxiety for the mother, it also means that should she choose to terminate the pregnancy, she can have a simple outpatient abortion after six to eight weeks rather than a far more complex one at five months, requiring hospitalization. "And no matter how you feel about abortion," says Jackson, "there is a difference in our perception of pregnancy at eight weeks and at 20."

The cost of CVS, which will soon be available at some 35 hospitals, is $550 to $800, about the same as amniocentesis. The risks, though not fully known, are probably also the same: one in 200 women who have undergone amniocentesis suffers complications (infection, for example) that may lead to miscarriage. For this reason the new test will be recommended only for women known to have a high risk of delivering an abnormal baby, including the growing number who wait until age 35 or later to have their first child. CVS may some day prove to be valuable for another reason, says Dorothy Davis, spokesperson for the March of Dimes. Early detection of genetic defects may make it possible for doctors to intervene and correct problems while the child is in the womb. ■

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Lyrics by "the Other One"

Ira Gershwin: 1896-1983

"And now," the oldtime radio announcer is supposed to have intoned, "here is a new song by George Gershwin and his lovely wife Ira." Such is the curse of being "the other one," of being merely famous when your younger brother is a legend in American music. Even within his family, Ira was heir to the unintentional slight: his father Morris could remember George's melodies, but to him Ira's song title *Fascinating Rhythm* was *Fashion on the River*. Working in George's immense shadow bred a wry modesty in Ira. For a 1959 collection of his lyrics, he wrote that "any resemblance to actual poetry, living or dead, is highly improbable." True, when printed on the naked page. But dressed in a sumptuous refrain and delivered by the right performer, Ira's lyrics could sing like sonnets.

For someone whose career began in 1917 with the lyric "You may throw all the rice you desire/ But please, friends, throw no shoes" and concluded in 1954 with his lyrics for the Bing Crosby movie *The Country Girl*, Ira Gershwin did not do badly. Last week, when he died at 86, he had a "new" Broadway hit on Broadway (*My One and Only*, featuring 17 Gershwin songs) and a "new" movie about to be released (the restored, three-hour version of *A Star Is Born*, the 1954 Judy Garland vehicle he wrote with Harold Arlen). The words he set to music are still sung regularly in nightclubs and shower stalls around the world. With his brother, he helped shape modern popular music. He set toes

J. R. ELDRIDGE

At home in 1968 with portrait of George

tapping, the movies singing and millions of lovers listening to an Iradescent lyric and proclaiming, " 'S wonderful."

Four years before the turn of the century (and two years before George), Ira was born on Manhattan's Lower East Side of middle-class Russian-Jewish parents. In 1920 George, who had already contributed songs to shows, asked his brother for some lyrics, and the Gershwin partnership was born, although Ira at first used the pseudonym Arthur Francis. In their first Broadway show, *Lady, Be Good* (1924), they began a fruitful collaboration with Fred Astaire, who was starring with his sister Adele. Other stars soon recognized a good thing. Gertrude Lawrence sang *Someone to Watch over Me* in *Oh, Kay!* (1926); in *Girl Crazy* (1930), young Ginger Rogers sang *But Not for Me* and *Embraceable You*, and Ethel Merman razed the roof with *I Got Rhythm*. *Of Thee I Sing* (1931) won Ira the first Pulitzer Prize for a lyricist. For George's crowning triumph, *Porgy and Bess* (1935), Ira contributed about half of the lyrics (the others were by DuBose Heyward). The brothers repeated their success in Hollywood, especially with Fred Astaire: *Shall We Dance* included *They All Laughed* and *Let's Call the Whole Thing Off*; for *Damsel in Distress* they wrote *A Foggy Day (in London Town)*. But before *Damsel* was released, George was dead at 38 of a brain tumor.

In his collaborations with George, and with a host of other composers including Jerome Kern, Vincent Youmans, Kurt Weill and Vernon Duke, Ira could write lyrics that appeared clumsy or clichéd; he could skip or cram syllables into a melodic line. But no lyricist used slang phrases earlier or as cleverly; none devised catchier titles; nobody got to the dramatic point faster than Ira. One reason so many Gershwin songs are so memorable is that Ira punched through the theme in the first few words ("They're writing songs of love,/ But not for me"). And in at least one song Ira could achieve the compression of poetry with three astonishing leaps of mood: "The way you hold your knife,/ The way we danced till three,/ The way you've changed my life—/ No, no! They can't take that away from me!" Wrote Broadway Songwriters Betty Comden and Adolph Green of lyrics like these: "It's very clear they're here to stay—as long as anyone remembers anything about the 20th century."

—By Richard Corliss

BORN. To **Meryl Streep,** 34, elegant, luminous, Oscar-winning actress (*Kramer vs. Kramer, Sophie's Choice*); and **Donald Gummer,** 36, sculptor; their second child, a daughter; in New York City. Name: Mary Willa. Weight: 7 lbs. 1½ oz.

RECONCILED. Jimmy Connors, 30, aggressive comeback king of tennis who last year won both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open for the first time since 1974; and **Patti McGuire Connors,** 31, *Playboy's* 1977 Playmate of the Year; after Patti canceled a hearing last week in the divorce suit she filed last May; in Miami.

SENTENCED. Billy Cannon, 46, former pro football star and a living legend in Louisiana, where he earned a 1959 Heisman Trophy as running back for L.S.U.; to five years in prison and a $10,000 fine, the maximum penalty, after he pleaded guilty to involvement in a massive counterfeiting scheme; in Baton Rouge. A successful Baton Rouge orthodontist after he retired from football in 1970, Cannon appeared to be a model citizen until federal investigators in July traced a staggering $6 million in bogus $100 bills to him.

DIED. Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, 81, art historian and architectural critic; in London. A university lecturer in Germany who fled Hitler in 1933, Pevsner became a devoted student and admirer of his adoptive England, where a fascination with the society and its architecture inspired his 46-volume, still definitive critique *The Buildings of England*, which he wrote from 1951 to 1974. A comprehensively informed, exhaustively organized scholar, who taught at both Cambridge and Oxford, Pevsner supervised and contributed to a multivolume history of world art.

DIED. Ross Roy, 85, founder and chairman of the thriving Detroit-based advertising agency (1982 billings: $222 million) that bears his name, who revolutionized auto ad-sales techniques by introducing comparison studies for Dodge in the mid-1920s, and then applied the strategy to a variety of other products; of Parkinson's disease; in Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

DIED. Benjamin V. Cohen, 88, principal draftsman of Franklin D. Roosevelt's early New Deal legislation; of pneumonia; in Washington, D.C. One of the brightest of F.D.R.'s bright young men, Cohen came to Washington via Harvard Law School and a New York practice and quickly established himself as the most liberal troubleshooter in the President's brain trust. The bashful, bespectacled corporate lawyer—in partnership with the flamboyant politician Thomas G. Corcoran—masterminded the details of establishing the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Fair Labor Standards Act and other governmental landmarks. Cohen, who returned to private practice in 1947, served President Truman as a delegate to the U.N. Disarmament Commission.

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